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YOUTH IN ASIA





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YOUTH IN ASIA

Terry Allen

Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art

Exhibition Tour

Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
October 31, 1992–January 24, 1993

Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth
Fort Worth, Texas
February 28–April 18, 1993

Newport Harbor Art Museum
Newport Beach, California
July 9–September 12, 1993

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"Making Sense: The Magic/The Art/The Artist" © Terry Allen, 1985. From *CHINA NIGHT*, published in conjunction with an exhibition at the Fresno Arts Center and Museum, Fresno, California, and the Fine Arts Gallery, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida.

"Terry Allen's *BIG WITNESS: A Less Perfect Union*" © Terry Allen and San Francisco Art Institute, 1989. From *BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)*, published in conjunction with the 1989 Adaline Kent exhibition, "Terry Allen: *BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)*," Walter/McBean Gallery, San Francisco Art Institute, San Francisco, California.

"Chronology of Events during the Vietnam War Era," © WGBH Educational Foundation and Stanley Karnow. Excerpted from "Chronology," in *Vietnam: A History*, A Companion to the PBS Television Series, by Stanley Karnow, The Viking Press, New York.

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A true war story is never moral. It does not instruct, nor encourage virtue, nor suggest models of proper behavior, nor restrain men from doing the things men have always done. If a story seems moral, do not believe it. If at the end of a war story, you feel uplifted, or if you feel some small bit of rectitude has been salvaged from the larger waste, then you have been made the victim of a very old and terrible lie. There is no rectitude whatsoever. There is no virtue. As a rule of thumb, therefore, you can tell a true war story by its absolute and uncompromising allegiance to obscenity and evil.

Tim O'Brien

*The wrath of God lies sleeping. It was hid a million years before men were and only men have the power to wake it.
Hell ain't half full. Hear me.
Ye carry war of a madman's making onto a foreign land.
Ye'll wake more than the dogs.*

Cormac McCarthy

Foreword

Before it was fashionable to ridicule art-world posturing, I received as a gift a tape of songs by an artist from Texas—Terry Allen. Allen's hilarious lyrics were aimed at the machinations of the art establishment, and for me, Allen conjured visions of *Artforum* magazine (that bastion of art rhetoric) pirated by scriptwriters from "Saturday Night Live."

In the early eighties, I encountered the artist again with a new body of work that was later to be incorporated into "Youth in Asia." A complex narrative of verbal and visual symbols relating obliquely to the United States' involvement in Vietnam, the series introduced me to another facet of Allen's persona. The humor I'd so enjoyed in the music had been turned inward, coded into a language of personal icons and wordplays. As "Youth in Asia" developed over almost a decade, it became an emblem of Allen's oeuvre—one that merges comedy with tragedy and incorporates music, text, and sound effects with a rich panoply of visual images.

Although segments of "Youth in Asia" have been exhibited as they evolved (beginning with three works in 1983), SECCA's presentation marks the first time that the series has been shown in its entirety. *SNEAKER*, the most recent piece, was completed in 1991, after Allen's yearlong hiatus from working on the series. Whether *SNEAKER* completes the cycle or will be followed with a new body of work may depend on Allen's own reaction to the total assemblage—on his own sense of closure or continuation. Whatever his decision, it is an honor for SECCA to host "Youth in Asia."

Thanks are due to Assistant Director Vicki Kopf, who organized the exhibition. The assistance of Wanda Hansen, Allen's manager, was invaluable

throughout the project. SECCA is also grateful to the authors: Craig Adcock has written an insightful and comprehensive essay that traces the genesis of "Youth in Asia"; Roxy Gordon and Dave Hickey have kindly allowed us to print their previously published analyses of *CHINA NIGHT* and *BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)* respectively.

Thanks are also due to SECCA's Board of Directors, who supported the "Terry Allen: Youth in Asia" project from its inception. SECCA acknowledges the funders who provided grant support for this exhibition: the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency; the Lannan Foundation; The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.; the Elizabeth Firestone Graham Foundation; and Rollins Burdick Hunter of the Carolinas, Inc.

Susan Lubowsky
Director

Introduction

SECCA's involvement with Terry Allen's work began in 1981, when Allen received a fellowship from SECCA's Awards in the Visual Arts program. Allen's contribution to the AVA 1 exhibition was a video of a haunting performance entitled *The Embrace . . . Advanced to Fury*. Over the years SECCA's curatorial staff discussed Allen's work numerous times, but our mandate to exhibit the work of southeastern artists prohibited our pursuing a Terry Allen exhibition.

In the late 1980s SECCA's focus and mission changed from southeastern to national, and we added a major new wing. In September 1988, when SECCA sponsored a performance of Allen's music, we learned that Allen was interested in exhibiting the "Youth in Asia" series. Our response was immediate: An exhibition of the "Youth in Asia" series was a perfect match for our new mission and our dramatic new space.

It has been a pleasure to work with Terry Allen on this project and to see this very important body of work assembled and exhibited as a whole. Special thanks go to Wanda Hansen, Allen's manager; Jeff Fleming, SECCA's associate curator; Angelia Debnam, SECCA's exhibitions administrative assistant; and David Roselli, registrar/installations manager, for their support and assistance with the "Youth In Asia" project.

Vicki Kopf
Assistant Director

Lenders to the Exhibition

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The Tyler Museum of Art, Tyler, Texas

John Weber Gallery, New York, New York

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*The mystery leaves itself like a trail of breadcrumbs, and by the
time your mind has eaten its way to the maker of the tracks,
the mystery is inside you, part of you forever.
The tracks of every mystery you have ever swallowed move
inside your own tracks.*

Tom Brown

Image/Music/Text:

Terry Allen's "Youth in Asia" Series

As a way of accessing the complex, multimedia approach of Terry Allen's "Youth in Asia" series, it is useful to consider Roland Barthes's definition of writing in his well-known 1968 essay "The Death of the Author": "Writing is that neutral, composite, oblique space where our subject slips away, the negative where all identity is lost, starting with the very identity of the body writing."¹ The rhetorical, discursive space described by Barthes—neutral, composite, oblique—is an appropriate arena for our discussions of the more than sixty paintings, sculptures, and installations comprising "Youth in Asia."²

The "Youth in Asia" series forecloses any possibility of adopting a single, authoritative (authorial) interpretation. The author is "dead," as Barthes says; the subject is de-centered; and our task becomes one of tracing and retracing, of hearing and rehearing, of reading and rereading the sights, sounds, and words of the image/music/ text. Our task becomes one of mourning. "Youth in Asia" is a multi-dimensional book/picture, a fugue/sound track, an illuminated manuscript/sculpture—each with infinite narrative lines, planes, spaces, and hyperspaces.

In such an arena, there is little hope of (and no need for) closure. The series exists as an ever-changing continuum of sensory experience, artistic expression, and provisional meaning—not as a group of discrete units or individual works frozen in time.

The "Youth in Asia" series addresses a difficult period in American history: the aftermath of the war in Vietnam. The massive material (and matériel) that Allen has put together—the language, pictures, songs, objects, war mementoes, special effects—helps the visitor come to grips with a subject that is difficult to think about, difficult to reconstruct, and increasingly difficult to remember. The structure of the series reflects the contradictions and conflicts of the time.

The viewer who explores the "Youth in Asia" universe is first struck by its complexity. Many of the individual works have poetry or more elaborate text written directly onto their surfaces or stamped directly into the sheet lead that often covers them. Closely associated with the visual works are two books of poetry, two unpublished plays, an album of songs, and a "screen play" (a "treatment") for a radio show. Three large installations have been produced for the series, and they have accompanying tapes that play music or readings of the texts written for other pieces in the series. There are other sound effects: gunfire, the stutter of chopper blades, and the whisper of holy wind (*nilch'i*). The words and the images, the songs and the text, the visuals and the sound effects set up relationships

that constantly modify and amplify the significance of any given work. In wide-open terms, the "Youth in Asia" pieces, especially the installations, create an artistic complexity that measures up to the complexities of the war itself—and to the ruins the war left behind.

The Vietnam War marked an irreparable break in the development of modern culture. The war was the watershed separating the modern from the postmodern period, but the realities of the war make such terms as "modern" and "postmodern" seem trifling. More was at stake than art-world moves away from the instantaneous appreciation of immanent form (à la Clement Greenberg or Michael Fried) toward more temporal involvements with theatricality.³ As postmodern artistic activities focusing on process, concept, and performance escalated, so too were there escalations in real violence, in real theaters of war.

In 1968, the year of Barthes's "Death of the Author," more died than the identity of the body writing. In 1968, the year of the siege of Khe Sanh and the Tet Offensive, 14,521 American soldiers lost their lives, approximately one quarter of the total number lost during the nine years of the Vietnam conflict. And those 14,521 American lives were only a fraction of the human toll. In general, for every American soldier who died in Vietnam, thirty or forty North and South Vietnamese lost their lives.⁴ Among the casualties of the Vietnam War were the centrality of the artist and the autonomy of the work of art in high modernist practice, but such casualties seem trifling in comparison to the human toll, which is beyond redemption.

1. Roland Barthes, "The Death of the Author," in *Image/Music/Text*, trans. Stephen Heath (New York: Hill and Wang, 1977), 142.

2. This essay draws on two earlier essays, "Terry Allen's 'Youth in Asia' Series," *Arts Magazine* 60 (April 1986): 50-59, which deals with the first twenty works in the series; and "New Works in Terry Allen's 'Youth in Asia' Series," *Arts Magazine* 62 (December 1987): 45-55, which deals with the second twenty works in the series. The present essay picks up where these earlier articles left off by dealing with new works completed since early 1988. There are currently sixty-two major works and numerous studies in the entire "Youth in Asia" series.

3. See Clement Greenberg, "Modernist Painting," in *The New Art: A Critical Anthology*, ed. Gregory Battcock (New York: Dutton, 1966), 100-110; Michael Fried, "Art and Objecthood," in *Minimal Art: A Critical Anthology*, ed. Gregory Battcock (New York: Dutton, 1968), 116-147.

4. This number is based on the estimate that some 2,300,000 Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians were killed during the war—a number some forty times larger than the 58,000 Americans killed.

The impetus for the "Youth in Asia" series occurred in 1982, when Allen was asked to work on the sound track of a German film by Wolf-Eckart Bühler entitled *Amerasia*. The film, a quasi-documentary, was to be about Amerasian children and the American veterans who had stayed in Indochina, mainly in Thailand, after the Vietnam War ended, or who had returned there after being unable to adjust to life in the United States. Allen began work on the series in 1983, and later that year, and during the early part of 1984, spent six weeks in Thailand working on the music for the film.

Allen's preparations for *Amerasia* inspired him to do the first works in the "Youth in Asia" series. During 1983, he produced *THE FIRST DAY (back in the world)*, *THE BOX*, and *YOUTH IN ASIA*. (The title of this last piece was later adopted for the entire series.) All three of these early works deal with the transposition—the transfiguration—of young soldiers to and from theaters of war. The works are either about homecoming as an alienated and alienating experience, or about the actual death, dismemberment, entrapment, and escape that characterized the war's various locales.

From the outset, however, "theaters of war" and "alien environments" were difficult to define. The "Youth in Asia" series suspends the meanings of such terms between two "worlds"—Southwest America and Southeast Asia. (The expression "the world" was used by soldiers in Vietnam to

refer to the United States.) In many of the "Youth in Asia" pieces, Allen conflates New Mexico and Vietnam. These "states" of mind, with their virtually identical land areas, are both "alien-nations"—and they operate as settings, as backdrops for the actions and dramas played out against them. Their psychological demeanors are determined by whether you're coming or going and by the directions you're "oriented."

In the first three "Youth in Asia" works, Allen establishes themes and symbols that recur throughout the series: disapproval as means of betrayal, propaganda as source of corruption, colorful chewed bubble gum as measure of lost innocence, delayed stress syndrome as symptom of cultural dissolution, rock and roll as emotional foundation, art as manic behavior, Santa Rosa, New Mexico, as locus for psycho-social disintegration, the Club Café as field of battle, and the mass media as background noise.

In the *YOUTH IN ASIA* installation, rock-and-roll music blares from a speaker while static flows across a blank television screen. The sound track for the installation consists of songs by emblematic figures including Creedence Clearwater Revival, Jimi Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, the Doors, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Marvin Gaye, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, the Beatles, Frank Zappa, and a few lesser-known performers including Captain Beefheart and the Fugs. These musicians provided the sound track for the actual war—a sound track that was heard both on the war front and the home front. The lyrics of their songs are like fragments of conversations from the trenches: "Have you ever been experienced?" "All I need is love." "Hush now baby don't you cry." "Just take everything down to Highway 61." "Helter skelter." "A hard rain is going to fall." "Get back to where you once belonged." "Break on through to the

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS DURING THE VIETNAM WAR ERA

Excerpted from "Chronology," in *Vietnam: A History, A Companion to the PBS Television Series*, by Stanley Karnow (New York, The Viking Press, 1983): pp. 670-686.

1962 American Military Assistance Command formed in South Vietnam.

1964 Covert South Vietnamese maritime operations begin against North Vietnam in July. Congress passes the Tonkin Gulf Resolution on August 7, giving President Johnson extraordinary power to act in Southeast Asia.

other side." "No one will be watching us." "Why don't we do it in the road?" "River of shit."

Vietnam was, as is often said, a rock-and-roll war. But the music expressed no particular political point of view. Veteran Lee Ballinger argues that, "Despite what some may choose to think, rock and roll was never fundamentally *anti-war*; it was a sound track for the entire process, of which opposition was only a part. Rock also served to let civilians forget about the war, just as it allowed those who were in Vietnam or had somebody there to make it through just one more day without doing anything about the situation."⁵

Near the end of Allen's tape for the *YOUTH IN ASIA* installation, there is a short burst of gunfire, then songs by Lowell George, Captain Beefheart, and the Rolling Stones. The tape ends with an announcement from the AM/FM radio station in Saigon interrupted by an unintelligible word, then a short excerpt from the National Anthem and a fragment from an unidentifiable song. The information (and disinformation) both in the sound track and the imagery of *YOUTH IN ASIA*—the art elements, the guard tower/radio tower, the static, the suggestive lyrics—prefigure the image/music/text strategy that Allen adopts for all "Youth in Asia." Throughout, you have to read between the lines, listen diligently to the words, mask out the noise, and try hard to hear the music.

Allen's trip to Thailand and his work on the *Amerasia* sound track encouraged him to continue the series and to become more involved with the literature about the Vietnam era. He immersed himself in reading about the war, and during the next two years, produced twenty major "Youth in Asia" paintings and sculptures. Two early 1984 works, *THE END OF THE WORLD . . . JUST PRIOR TO THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA* and *THE BATTLE OF SANTA*

ROSA, were inspired by one of the stories told by a former soldier interviewed for *Amerasia*: An expatriate serviceman relates his memory of coming home to find his house completely empty, of being abandoned by his wife and family. This event is more terrible than anything he had experienced in combat—so devastating that he simply returned to Thailand, where he has lived ever since. Allen mythologizes this story and relocates it to Santa Rosa, where it is mixed with his own memories of real places, real times, and real people.

In work after work in "Youth In Asia," the shape of a house is used as a sign of double-dealing, double-crossing, back-stabbing treachery: houses lean or tilt crazily; houses sink into the desert; houses turn upside down; building frameworks become transparent, immaterial, and cagelike; interiors come apart and fracture; doors and windows are permanently locked or open; they peer into the faces of demons or into the pits of hell. The "deep empty" heard by the soldier who steps up on the front porch and knocks on the door of the house reverberates throughout the entire "Youth in Asia" series.⁶ Beds, chairs, tables, lamps, walls, windows, doorways, living rooms, bedrooms, and the empty house itself—redolent with all the things that "can never be in there again"⁷—take on considerable expressive power in Allen's usage.

Elaine Scarry has discussed the room as a meeting place between the body and the world:

5. Lee Ballinger, "Déjà Vu," in *Rock & Roll Confidential*, ed. Dave Marsh (New York: Pantheon, 1985), 210. See also David E. James, "The Vietnam War and American Music," in *The Vietnam War and American Culture*, ed. John Carlos Rowe and Rick Berg (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991), 226-254.

6. The "deep empty" is from a line of the poetic text for *THE END OF THE WORLD . . . JUST PRIOR TO THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA*.

7. Ibid.

8. Elaine Scarry, *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), 38-39.

9. Ibid., 40.

*In normal contexts, the room, the simplest form of shelter, expresses the most benign potential of human life. It is, on the one hand, an enlargement of the body: it keeps warm and safe the individual it houses in the same way the body encloses and protects the individual within; like the body, its walls put boundaries around the self preventing undifferentiated contact with the world, yet in its windows and doors, crude versions of the senses, it enables the self to move out into the world and allows that world to enter. But while the room is a magnification of the body, it is simultaneously a miniaturization of the world, of civilization.*⁸

Scarry's subject is pain and the way the body is made to feel pain. She points out that "in torture, the world is reduced to a single room or set of rooms. . . . The torture room is not just the setting in which the torture occurs; it is not just the space that happens to house the various instruments used for beating and burning and producing electric shock. It is itself literally converted into another weapon, into an agent of pain. All aspects of the basic structure—walls, ceiling, windows, doors—undergo this conversion."⁹

Scarry, in her powerful book, delineates the extremes of human consciousness, from pain to imagination, and she maps the extremes of human action, from torture to warfare. Her analogy between the interior of a room and the psychological conditions of the torture chamber is particularly apt for Allen's work. In various rooms of the house, the café, and the night club, his characters go to pieces, go insane, and commit violent crimes. In *BEARING STRAIGHT AT THE CLUB CAFÉ* (the Mexican shepherd boy), completed just after *THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA*, the overlapping worlds of Southwest America and Southeast Asia are

further delineated. The ancient ancestors of the Chinese walked across the land bridge connecting the Old and New Worlds to become Indians, and the Indians went back to Asia as Americans. These possible interrelationships between Americans and Indochinese suggest both the irrationality of the Vietnam War in particular and the absurdities of warfare in general. The act of "bearing straight," punning on Bering Strait, implies both the pressure of maintaining composure under the onslaughts of hallucination and flashback—and the genetic antiquity of mankind's propensity for murder.

BEARING STRAIGHT AT THE CLUB CAFÉ (the Mexican shepherd boy) also involves marginalization. One of the strongest voices in the "Youth in Asia" series is its "minority voice." Many of the works focus on cultural and social estrangement. The heroes, heroines, victims, and casualties are often outsiders, driven over one brink or another by accidents of birth and the debilitations of lost opportunities. Behind the general tenor of the "Youth in Asia" paintings and sculptures are unspoken matters of culture, the things that exist "out there" or "over there." The implicit agendas of socioeconomic power structures and their complicity with militaristic colonialism are not necessarily made explicit in "Youth in Asia," but their results are laid bare for consideration. The diverse and contradictory points of view expose corollaries of "marginalization": the cultural mechanisms that separate certain groups from power also produce differential death rates on battlefields.

1965 Operation Rolling Thunder, sustained American bombing of North Vietnam, begins on February 24. Two marine battalions land to defend Danang Airfield March 8, the first American combat troops in Vietnam. By December American troop strength in Vietnam reaches nearly 200,000.

During the Vietnam era, rich and upper-middle-class whites were often exempted from the draft while poor whites, blacks, Chicanos, and others served. Distinctions were drawn along boundaries separating the center from the margins. Those people who were perceived as inconsequential others, who were denied status relative to the dominant group at home, were drafted into service and sent to fight equally inconsequential others on the other side of the world.

Exclusionary practices are associated with processes of representation. Images of others are constructed by ruling cultures and then manipulated for purposes of control and suppression. Classifications invented to keep certain people separate, removed, segregated, powerless, down and out, are translated during wartime into symbols that include "I-A," "I-Y," "II-S," and "IV-F." Such classifications are defined in terms of specific historical and social conditions.

The results of invidious distinctions, drawn as they are along lines of class and race, can be seen in *BEARING STRAIGHT AT THE CLUB CAFÉ* (the Mexican shepard boy). The marginalized "shepard boy" (Allen intentionally misspells his métier) is among the main characters of the tableau. He is the subject of a conversation, an inhabitant of a cross-sectional café (or a semi-arid New Mexican Golgotha comprising the sheep country around Santa Rosa and ranging on over to Tucumcari). Like a sheep himself, the "shepard boy" has been led to slaughter, and he is now fully estranged and even further marginalized by his experiences in Vietnam (the "over there" in the text for the piece). Back in "the world," the Mexican shepard boy can't stand to be around people and has turned into a "dope fiend." After the war, the small towns and modest cities of New Mexico—Santa Rosa, Hope,

Gallup, Tucumcari, Lordsburg, Santa Fe, Las Cruces—were no longer "home towns," but drop zones, "villes," where you could "groove on it again," recapturing through crime and self-destruction the violence of Vietnam.

The next several "Youth in Asia" works, produced during late 1984, deal with the subject of troubled veterans unable to come home even after they arrive home, who can no longer recognize home because of their psychological problems, their alcohol and drug dependencies, and their general, war-induced bad attitudes. *THE BUDDHA OF LAS CRUCES; THE PRISONER SONG; FIRMAMENT; STORM ON THE GHOST TRAIN . . . LAOS, NEW MEXICO; NIGHT DROP; CURTAINS . . . ON THE CORNER OF ECHO AND NORMAL*; and *KACHINA FIELDS* deal with physical and psychological prisons. Jail, the asylum, too much television, getting high—they were all aspects of the psychopathic and sociopathic behavioral tendencies that veterans brought back to "the world" from Vietnam. In these works, Indians return from their ancient hunting grounds in Asia; the Buddha sinks into the Blue Hole of Santa Rosa; and the ghost train—with passengers including cowboys and strangers, Billy and Oscar, Poncho and Lefty, Clauswitz and Su Dongpo—rolls into Laos, New Mexico.

10. See Edwin Earle and Edward A. Kennard, *Hopi Kachinas* (New York: Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1971).

11. Anonymous soldier quoted by Harry A. Wilmer, "The Healing Nightmare: A Study of War Dreams of Vietnam Combat Veterans," in *Unwinding the Vietnam War: From War Into Peace*, ed. Reese Williams (Seattle, Washington: The Real Comet Press, 1987), 76.

In the works completed during late 1984, images from American Indian religions, particularly kachinas, begin to figure prominently in the "Youth in Asia" iconography, and the paintings themselves often take on the shapes of kachina heads. By adopting this symbolism, Allen annexes the power of the kachinas, intercessors between the world of spirit and the world of objects.¹⁰ The kachina rituals and dances—along with other ceremonies—are fundamental to the daily life of the people; they are tied to the land and its fertility. For half the year, the kachinas live in the sacred mountains near the mesas where the Indians build their pueblos. At the winter solstice, they come into the world through holes, *sipapus*, in the floors of the *kivas*. After the summer solstice, they return to the underworld. It is said that the people themselves came into the world through a hole in the ground at the beginning of time; and when the people die, their souls or "breath bodies" travel as mist back to the underworld.

During 1985, Allen continued to produce subtle and complex "Youth in Asia" works. *TOKAY ROSE* and *TESTAMENTS* are graffiti-based compositions that deal with the bathroom-wall vulgarity of the war. *PASTORAL* and *GRACE* are about those rare moments during the aftermath when the veteran can sense some aspect of peace—a peace emptied of its potential. *HOPE* and *POEM* list the interminable years of the war's involvements and just one of the 58,000 names on the wall: Stanley. *THE RAPTURE OF CAPTAIN BLOOD* founders in the heart of darkness, debarks at the face of the house, and shipwrecks on the shoals of Santa Rosa. The oblique reference in this last work to Errol Flynn brings to mind the movie-star mentality that characterizes youthful involvement in warfare.

Many Vietnam-era soldiers wanted to be heroes like Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood* or John Wayne in *The Sands of Iwo Jima*. As one young paraplegic expressed this sentiment: "Vietnam was a high for me. I was seventeen years old, and that shit was better than any combat movie I had ever seen. It was for real. Sometimes I would think it would be nice to stay there, and at the end of a year I extended my time in Vietnam. Six weeks later I was shot in the back."¹¹

During the fall of 1985, Allen produced a large installation entitled *CHINA NIGHT*. This work served as a culmination for the first twenty works in the series. The sound track for *CHINA NIGHT* consists, in part, of music relevant to the Vietnam War. Jimi Hendrix asks if we are experienced or if we have ever been experienced. Creedence Clearwater Revival sings "Born on the Bayou" and chases down a hoodoo there. Bo Diddley gives us "Roadrunner," beep beep, click click, and George Jones cries, "Things Have Gone to Pieces." Lowell George sings "Willing," and Townes Van Zandt delivers "Poncho and Lefty" in his distinctive voice. Lydia Mendoza sings "Mi Problema" and "No Es Culpa Mia." Violetta Parrar sings "El Albertio." Perhaps most strange, Montagnard tribesman from the central highlands of Vietnam sing songs and funeral dirges that sound for all the world like the chants of American Indians—Navajo, Zuni, Hopi, or their ancient ancestors.

1966 President de Gaulle of France visits Cambodia in September, calls for American withdrawal from Vietnam. American troop strength in Vietnam reaches nearly 400,000 by year end.

In addition to the music, the poems and stories from the earlier pieces in the "Youth in Asia" series are read aloud by Allen and two of his friends, Ron Gleason and Roxy Gordon.¹² These men's rich Texas accents (New Mexican in Gleason's case) add to the power of the words, somehow enhancing the music. These two artistic domains, music and its analogue, oral poetry, are among the most basic and ancient expressive forms, pure representations of the Will, as Schopenhauer would have it; and, in such terms, what we hear in *CHINA NIGHT* provides us with the affective keys to its message.

The *CHINA NIGHT* installation reminds the viewer, the listener, of what has been lost. But the times themselves are irreclaimable, as Dave Hickey points out: "Vietnam and Nixon cost us all a lot, curbed our exuberance, cropped the scope of our ambition, and in general sent everybody running for cover."¹³ *CHINA NIGHT* expresses the disillusionment of the time. It is a bar and a domestic interior. It seems to exude an intangible sense, a premonition, that something bad has happened, or is about to happen.

CHINA NIGHT is enclosed by fencing topped by guard wire that leans inward as if to keep the evil spirits trapped within its spaces. The loops of shining wire recall the concertina wire and tanglefoot used on battlefields. In Vietnam, barbed wire was sometimes placed *behind* the troops, as one young marine bitterly remembers was the case at Khe Sanh:

What happened initially, because of the concern that we might be overrun, was that barbed-wire barricades were built behind the troops on the front lines. Behind us. Behind the marines. Although there was barbed wire in front of us, because they also put barbed wire behind us, we felt cut off and isolated from the pogs behind

us. It was psychological, too; we were not only cut off from those behind us, but from those back in the United States. This was something that I had never seen, not even in a John Wayne movie. . . . The reason we were so upset by them putting the barbed wire behind us was that we felt that they were writing us off. It was clear: "You're the first priority to die. You go first."¹⁴

As do other works in "Youth in Asia," *CHINA NIGHT* fuses (confuses) art and life. It uses avant-garde strategies, mixes high and low categories, and incorporates (appropriates) ordinary objects into its many clusters of association. But such neo-Dada characterizations seem inadequate, unless we remember how seriously the original formulations of Dada were motivated. World War I—a conflict that shared much in common with the Vietnam War, particularly in terms of absurd tactics—was fundamental to Dada's mood and character.¹⁵ The *CHINA NIGHT* installation reflects a similar seriousness in relation to post-modernism.

CHINA NIGHT not only deals with perilous cultural matters such as organized political duplicity and violence, it also exposes some of the personal demons that were created in people during the war. It exorcises the evil spirits that were driven deep into the psychological spaces of the men and women who fought in Vietnam—or of the men and women who resisted the war at home. The Vietnam era was characterized by confusion and irresolution both at home and

12. These texts were also published as a book: Terry Allen, *CHINA NIGHT* (Fresno, California: Fresno Arts Center and Museum; Tallahassee, Florida: Florida State University Fine Arts Gallery, 1985).

13. Ron Gleason, "Interview: Dave Hickey," *Arts and Architecture*, winter 1981, 35.

14. This story is told in Heather Brandon's *Casualties: Death in Vietnam; Anguish and Survival in America* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984), 77.

15. For the common terror faced by all soldiers, from the Battle of Agincourt to the Battle of the Somme, see John Keegan, *The Face of Battle* (New York: Viking Press, 1976).

16. Karl Marx, *The German Ideology* (New York: International Publishers, 1947), 14.

17. Sarah Kofman, *Camera Obscura de l'idéologie* (Paris: Galilée, 1973), 28; the translation is from Paul Smith, *Discerning the Subject* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1988), 12.

abroad. Even in the beginning, the war was not very clear, except perhaps in youthful reasons for going, and as it progressed, it became increasingly murky. It was a dreamland where illusions were shattered—or, more horrible, where they were reinforced.

In the *CHINA NIGHT* installation, a faulty neon sign in the window reads "KACHINA NIGHT." The "KA" is short-circuited, and the sign reads as a statement of permanent duality, a testimony of contradiction alternating between "KACHINA NIGHT" and "CHINA NIGHT." As such, the blinking sign indexes both the American Southwest and the Asian Southeast. The faulty sign is located in a blocked passage where vision into the interior of the building, the *camera obscura*, is closed off by an American flag. What is inside the dark chamber can be seen only from the back side, where the wall is cut away to reveal an inverted bedroom inhabited by Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

When I first saw *CHINA NIGHT* at its opening in Fresno, California, in 1985, I was surprised to see the Disney characters. I asked Allen if he didn't think they were perhaps too cartoonlike. He responded by saying, "I'm not sure but what Snow White isn't the most frightening figure I've used in a work." I now agree with him. The cartoon characters are animated by the terror of an upside-down world bereft of illusions—or perhaps more to the point, of a world built upon illusions. The youthful social contracts and the storybook morality of Disney simplifications were rendered ludicrous by Vietnam. Moreover, the inverted interior of *CHINA NIGHT* suggests the absurdities of looking at the world, already veiled in illusion, through ideologically colored glasses.

In this last regard, it is worth recalling Marx's observation in *The German Ideology*: "If in all ideology men and their circumstances appear upside-down as in a *camera obscura*, this phenomenon arises just as much from their historical life-process as the inversion of objects on the retina does from their physical life-process."¹⁶ Marx, of course, is talking about the ways in which ideology masks truth. He wants to eliminate ideology in order to reveal history's "real truth." For Marx, this "real truth" is hidden behind another seeming actuality veiled by ideological distortions. As Sarah Kofman has pointed out: "Ideology represents real relations in a veiled form, under seal. Rather than as a transparent copy obeying the laws of perspective, ideology functions as a simulacrum: it disguises, travesties and blurs real relations. Marx opposes to it the values of clarity, light, transparency, truth, and rationality."¹⁷

Marx's discussions of ideology are often couched in terms of visual analogies, and the strength of such analogies are relevant to the "Youth in Asia" series. Like Marx's arguments, Allen's art aims to right the inversions and distortions of ideological involutions. Southeast Asia was a place where Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs were turned topsy-turvy. Such places still exist all over the world.

After *CHINA NIGHT*, cartoon characters become central elements in the "Youth in Asia" universe. Works from 1986, *FANTASIA*, *THE MAGIC KINGDOM*, *STATION BREAK*, *TORSO HELL*, and *THE LIVING DESERT*, use Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, and others. Their Disney worlds, like reflections in the *camera obscura*, are often inverted.

1967 American troop strength in Vietnam approaches 500,000.

Domestic protests against the war rise.

References to Fantasy Land, Tomorrow Land, Jungle Land, and Adventure Land abound. The standard characters from these American dreamscapes—and other icons such as John F. Kennedy and Mao Tse Tung—reference the unreality of Vietnam and the “youthful folly” of being there.

Allen also introduces another prominent theme in works done immediately after the *CHINA NIGHT* installation: the use of “French” art to indicate the involvement of France in the background conditions of Southeast Asia. *INDOCHINE*, 1987, has a French title, and the imagery of the work recalls cubism. Throughout the remaining “Youth in Asia” works, the styles of other French art movements—fauvism, neo-classicism, neo-impressionism—allude to colonialism and the resulting inequities that led to a war that lasted thirty years. The long tradition of warfare in the region is grounded in the protection or appropriation of products for export back to “the world,” whether that world is France, as it was in the beginning, or the United States, as it was in the end.

Allen further explores being unable to adjust after coming home in paintings and sculptures completed in 1986, including *GHOST WHEEL 1968*; *THE FALL OF PODUNKSVILLE, APRIL 30, 1988*; *SANCTUARY*; *THE BLUE HOLE*; and *1957–1961 (decade)*. In these works, the veteran, perhaps an Indian or a Mexican boy, or the “roadrunner,” returns to some blue hole out in the desert, a podunksville like Santa Rosa, Gallup, Tucumcari,

Roswell, Texico, or Lordsburg, seeking sanctuary, and not finding it. The veteran might also be an actual friend of Allen’s and Ron Gleason’s, Lee Oxsheer, or Allen’s cousin, “Little Steven” Payne, who was dropped off in Santa Rosa in order to go AWOL in 1968, or Allen’s buddy from high school, Stanley MacPherson, whose name is on the wall in Washington.

Throughout the series, the personal stories of local heroes from somewhere out in the bleakness of New Mexico, or the panhandle of Texas, are drawn onto (engraved into) the landscapes of *IRON TRIANGLE (for Lee Oxsheer)*, *GOOD BOY, COVENANT*, and *ROUTINE DISAPPEARANCES*. In *TEACHER’S PET* and *THE CREATURE*, innocence in elementary school and the elementary indoctrination typical of Disney amusement parks, archetypal sites for raising American children, for bringing them up, are brought down to ground level. In *COUNTRY SONG*, the private lives of Allen Glick and his wife Janet are used as symbols of cultural and personal separation, of political and private discord. Sometimes the interior spaces of the mind are as expansive as the outdoor spaces of the world, and the pettiness of governments as small-minded as the jealous quarrels played out in domestic interiors. In either kind of space, territories are involved, and Allen’s “Youth in Asia” works provide the maps.

In 1987 Allen produced a large installation for the “War and Memory” exhibition mounted by the Washington Project for the Arts (WPA). This installation, entitled *TABLES AND ANGELS*, serves as the culmination for the second twenty works in the “Youth in Asia” series, much as *CHINA NIGHT* serves as the terminus for the first twenty. *CHINA NIGHT* creates a sense of dis-orientation appropriate to the theme of coming back to “the world” with

18. Allen worked on the sound track of the film during late 1983 and early 1984; he was assisted in Thailand by Surachai Jantimatorn, the leader of a band called “Caravan.” Recordings of the music made in Southeast Asia were reworked with the help of the Maines Brothers Band in Lubbock, Texas, during 1984. The version of the National Anthem used in the installation is from one of Jimi Hendrix’s later concerts, but he first played the song at Woodstock in 1969.

no place to go except some ramshackle bar out on the borders of the land of opportunity; *TABLES AND ANGELS* shows us the interior of another of those places. With *CHINA NIGHT*, you may wish you could enter the work; with *TABLES AND ANGELS*, you feel uncomfortable and anxious because you're allowed to come on in and sit down. Allen strips the installation of all comfort and style. There is no decoration and little room for comradeship. You either bring the war with you or not; it doesn't matter. Your own aftermath is on display, and you see the minimal interior through your memory, your knowledge, your images. You can sit down or hurry on through; it doesn't matter.

In terms of scope and size, *TABLES AND ANGELS* is comparable to *CHINA NIGHT*. Like the earlier work, *TABLES AND ANGELS* is a mixed-media tableau that makes use of music and sound effects to drive home its point. It is, therefore, also highly theatrical. The piece functions like a stage set, simulating the inside of a café in the American Southwest—a seedy old eatery that blends into a generalized fifties aesthetic of East-Coast diner and Midwest truck stop.

The work is intensely interior and interiorizing. It is entered, as in a tableau from Brecht or Artaud, through two nondescript doorways at either end of a narrow hall; a row of booths enclosed in cages opens off the hallway. The arrangement generates a tight sense of claustrophobia. Given the iconography of the entire series, it recalls the Club Café in Santa Rosa, the La Fonda in Santa Fe, and the Sonic in Lordsburg or Gallup. It also recalls the Kitty Kat and the dozens of other rest and relaxation joints along the margins of Vietnam—the night spots in Hong Kong or Bangkok frequented by soldiers on leave. *TABLES AND ANGELS* moves us there and into

the *CHINA NIGHT* cantina and the thousands of places like them out there on the edges.

The individual booths in *TABLES AND ANGELS* are surrounded by black nylon screening; they become little cages. Allen's initial plan was to equip the booths with booby traps. Every now and then, an event would occur: say, a wire would be tripped, and some small, symbolic disruption would be set off. He eventually abandoned this plan for a more subtle arrangement. The sound track for the installation consists of the whirl of helicopter rotors that seem interminable, slowly and subtly changing rhythm and cadence over time. The monotony is broken only twice by a few bars of music. These interruptions become the small tripwires of consciousness—psychological analogues for the violent events that periodically shattered the tedium that characterized the Vietnam experience. The songs appear about fifteen minutes apart: Kenny Maines plays "Let Freedom Ring," a version of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on a Laotian flute called a "can," a slow, dirgelike song excerpted from the sound track of *Amerasia*. Then, Jimi Hendrix plays his famous rendition of the National Anthem, all acid and metal.¹⁸ Occasionally, small percussion sounds played on a Thai elephant-skin drum suggest tapping on the bars of a bamboo cage or blows across a hollow fuel drum. Otherwise, there is only the sound of helicopters.

TABLES AND ANGELS, like so many works in the series, is about the dislocation of coming home and the disregard that greeted many returning veterans. Of all the cultural and social separations engendered by the war, this general lack of respect was the most bitter disappointment for many soldiers. It was often harder to take than the war itself. Young men and women,

1968 Tet Offensive begins January 31, as North Vietnamese and Vietcong attack South Vietnamese cities and towns. On March 31 Johnson announces partial bombing halt, offers talks, and says he will not run for re-election. Martin Luther King, Jr. assassinated in Memphis, April 4. Senator Robert F. Kennedy assassinated in Los Angeles June 5. Nixon elected president. American troop strength in Vietnam at year end is 540,000.

brought back from the extremities unprepared and uncelebrated—a condition often mixed with guilt and remorse—to the blankness of “the world” and to the disregard or the out-and-out hostility of people back home, were themselves like booby traps, waiting for some inner mechanism to release—sometimes sending shrapnel into their surroundings.¹⁹ These explosions were most often internal and personal—just local disturbances in the fabric of self and family.²⁰

The *TABLES AND ANGELS* installation was followed quickly by another large-scale installation completed in early 1988. *BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)* uses both the kachina and the domestic-interior imagery that figures so prominently in earlier works from the “Youth in Asia” series. In *BIG WITNESS*, a spirit being, a fallen warrior, a zombie/kachina, plunges through the sky of the living room and crash lands in the midst of his home furnishings. The sound track consists of ocean waves and Muzak mixed with the drone of pseudo-scientific self-help tapes. Excerpts from such subliminal classics as “Excuses,” “How to Know If You’re Drinking Too Much,” and the “Be (Happy) Attitudes” re-animate the ruined creature who lies there stunned, stoned, drugged, drunk, debriefed, and subventioned on his living room rug, trapped in his own furniture.

The self-help tapes in *BIG WITNESS* not only refer to the oversimplifications involved in trying to find easy routes to self-betterment, they also suggest the drone of propaganda. They recall the persuasions that convince young men and women to go to war in the first place, to think of themselves as invincible, and to believe they are fighting for freedom and country.

In this regard, the Vietnam War was very different from earlier wars in the American experience. During World War II, “propaganda” was not a dirty word. Propaganda was simply another weapon, indeed a necessary weapon, to be used against the enemies of the United States. By the 1960s the term had lost its positive meaning. Part of the reason for the change of attitude, from confidence in the necessity for propaganda to the general contempt in which propaganda was held by the Vietnam generation, had to do with there being no clearly agreed-upon enemy or ideological opponent in the war, as Claudia Springer points out:

By the time of the Vietnam War, consensus had been replaced by conflict, and the term “propaganda” had acquired a wholly negative connotation, perhaps largely as a result of the mounting cold war, revelations about Nazi atrocities, and growing public cynicism about official rhetoric. It had come to mean any material intended to persuade people to adopt incorrect, dangerous viewpoints, and it was attributed to those with opposing viewpoints—the enemy—rather than to oneself, but by this time many Americans who were opposed to the war considered the enemy to be their own government.²¹

Among the keys to understanding *BIG WITNESS* are its relationships to the overall structure of war, to the systematic way in which warfare’s operations, its approaches, are tied to deception—to the overt kinds of deception practiced by the military in

19. Myra McPherson, *Long Time Passing: Vietnam and the Haunted Generation* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1984), 45-46, points out that in any attempts to deal with Vietnam, “the anti-war element is paramount and cannot be stressed too often. It is the unique facet that colors every aspect to the Vietnam experience.” She goes on to say that “in this past ‘decade of denial,’ veterans were the scapegoats. When they finally speak of coming home, they recount still-wrenching memories. Whether successfully readjusted or troubled, hawk or dove, college graduate or high school dropout—they remember. The neighbors and relatives who did not want to listen. The people who moved away from them on planes. . . . In interviews with hundreds of veterans—from the most successful to the least well-adjusted—I have yet to find one who did not suffer rage, anger, and frustration at the way the country received them.”

20. See Philip Caputo quoted by McPherson, *ibid.*, 48: “If my own postwar experiences and those of other veterans I’ve talked to are typical, the main unresolved problem is guilt, a triple burden of guilt. There is the guilt all soldiers feel for having broken the taboo against killing, a guilt as old as war itself. Add to this the soldier’s sense of shame for having fought in actions that resulted, indirectly or directly, in the deaths of civilians. Then pile on top of that an attitude of social opprobrium, an attitude that made the fighting men feel personally morally responsible for the war, and you get your proverbial walking time bomb.”

21. Claudia Springer, “Military Propaganda: Defense Department Films from World War II and Vietnam,” in *The Vietnam War and American Culture*, ed. John Carlos Rowe and Rick Berg (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991), 96.

regard to its dealings with the public, the government's dealings with the populace, the interior duplicity of the Pentagon's procurement procedures, and the far more treacherous arena of self-deception. The human brain seems to fall easily into simplifying assumptions, and human beings can easily be persuaded to live in wishes. They wish they were heroes. They wish they were the main characters of a John Wayne movie.

The leaden creature in *BIG WITNESS* lies down drunk, incapacitated, perhaps dead or dying, on the living room rug. He has a broken heart, but what a relief. The more horrible possibility would be for him to have the myth continue, and for us to continue living in wishes, which of course we have. Allen himself points out that despite the revelations of the Vietnam era, we as a nation seem to be rushing into comparable situations all over the world. Taken on a world-wide scale, nothing much has changed. The world's young people continue to be consumed by the ideologies of warfare, to be easily persuaded to live in wishes, and to die in practical terms for abstractions. Warfare is the leading cause of death in the twentieth century, and living in wishes amounts to dying in wishes.

TREATMENT (angel leaving dirty tracks) was completed shortly after *BIG WITNESS*. The work is intermediately sized—in the scale range of the small installation, *YOUTH IN ASIA*. *TREATMENT* shows a kachina landing, touching down, in a field of bright illumination. Allen's old typewriter takes the place of the kachina's head. Its "dirty tracks" may be the dark imprints of the ribbon marching across the pages of the "Youth in Asia" text, à la the Clauswitzian metaphor. Another kind of track, a sound track, provides the angel with a voice. An aspect of its "dirty tracks" is thus an aural text, namely, the radio play for *TORSO HELL*.

TREATMENT and *BIG WITNESS* were shown together at the end of 1988 at the San Francisco Art Institute. In that arrangement, kachina and angel, breath body and zombie, typewriter carriage and carcass—along with the issues of control, self-control, and loss of control that they raised—charged the perceptual space between the two installations.

The last works in the "Youth in Asia" series, mostly completed during 1988, refine and develop several established themes. Images become more and more densely integrated, and overtones of association with earlier pieces become deep rumbles, as if there were a thousand radios turned down low in the rooms next door, and all the stations were tuned to news from the sixties. In *BOOGIE CHILLEN*, the Disney character of Dumbo appears upside down in conjunction with interior spaces. The texts of sixties rock-and-roll songs turn up the volume. The French background of the Vietnam War is suggested by visual quotations from Greuze, Delacroix, and Matisse in *APARTÉ* (rat talk at the Sonic), *FOLIE À DEUX* (madness in two), *MENAGE À*, and *RED RIVER*.

Broken hearts and broken minds inform the betrayal-driven imagery of letters being sent and delivered in *CARRIER*, *RED MESA*, *MISSING FOOTSTEPS*, *THE FALL OF AMARILLO*, *PRAYER WHEEL* (anillo de compromiso), and *VENA CAVA*. War letters often contain the kinds of messages that lead to suicide and murder. People are missing out on the plains, the prairies, deep in the jungles, and up on the central highlands. Images and their details are often turned topsy-turvy to reference disorientation. A derelict, inverted car body becomes the face of a kachina in *GHOST RIDER*—the crashed vehicle of some modern cowboy adrift far out on the high plains of Southwest America or deep in the low jungles of Southeast Asia.

1969 Nixon begins secret bombing of Cambodia March 18. Massive antiwar demonstrations in Washington. Revelation of the Mylai Massacre.

Betrayal of innocence continues as a primary leitmotif in *ASIA MINOR* and *TRUTH ARE CONSEQUENCES*. School children, with their blackboards and chalk, illustrate consequences that were reached in Asia Minor—consequences resulting from distortions of truth in such social institutions as elementary school and high school. Little kids are easily fooled.

Early training and indoctrination, along with the more personal aspects of self-delusion and self-deception, continue as important strains in *MASCARADAS EN BUSCA DE GRACIA*, the only "Youth in Asia" work produced by Allen during 1989. "Masquerades in search of grace" is the subtitle of one of the self-help tapes used in *BIG WITNESS*.

During the early 1990s, Allen has been winding the "Youth in Asia" series down. No "Youth in Asia" works were made during 1990, and only one, *SNEAKER*, was completed in 1991. It revolves around issues of deceiving one's self and one's family. *SNEAKER* uses an actual newspaper story about a man who fabricates his war experiences and lives in wishes. Wanting to be a hero, he simply invents a heroic past in Vietnam. Such small treacheries and bad-faith choices point toward greater cultural deceptions and mystifications. Larger misfirings of the spirit at upper levels of governments resulted (and continue to result) in massive destruction and extensive loss of life. As Noam Chomsky points out, Vietnam demanded reparations that were never made:

*The devastation that the United States left as its legacy has been quickly removed from consciousness here, and indeed, was little appreciated at the time. Its extent is worth recalling. In the south, 9,000 out of 15,000 hamlets were damaged or destroyed along with some 25 million acres of farmland and 12 million acres of forest; 1.5 million cattle were killed; and there are 1 million widows and some 800,000 orphans. In the north, all six industrial cities were damaged (three razed to the ground) along with 28 of 30 provincial towns (twelve completely destroyed), 96 of 116 district towns, and 4,000 of some 5,800 communes; 400,000 cattle were killed and over a million acres of farmland were damaged. Much of the land is a moonscape, where people live on the edge of famine with rice rations lower than Bangladesh.*²²

Bad visions of the future damaged Vietnam, just as they continue to damage places all over the world. Part of the problem seems to involve guilt and a desire to get even. The 1988 war with Grenada was in part a redemption, a way to assuage our collective guilt about Vietnam, as was the more recent Gulf War with Iraq. At some level, all of these conflicts—Vietnam, Grenada, Desert Storm—involved distortions of vision, and they hinge on seeing things in the wrong light. Vietnam was the first war fought on television; Grenada was a media event; and Desert Storm was, as so often noted, a Nintendo game.²³ The Americans obliterated the Iraqis because American technology could see the Iraqis electronically. It could follow them into their installations and bunkers with video missiles. Yet, the war itself was invisible, hidden behind controlled, "mediated," information apparatuses. All that could really be seen was the flag waving.

22. Noam Chomsky, "Visions of Righteousness," in *Unwinding the Vietnam War: From War Into Peace*, ed. Reese Williams (Seattle, Washington: The Real Comet Press, 1987), 296.

23. Ernest Larsen, "Gulf War TV," *Jump Cut* 36 (1991): 3-10.

In Vietnam, possibly because of the general deconstructive mood of the sixties, matters of information were seldom taken at face value. Nonetheless, the deep structures insisted on rising to the surface. This process of emergence, the lift up out of the ooze, was emphasized by the mood of protest that ran through every aspect of society and culture—from the revolt against simple behavioral mores exemplified by the anti-establishment antics of the flower children to the critique of modernism implicit in the return to Duchampian strategies of pop art and minimalism. These mild motions toward reform, the small rocks of the boat, were in the background of the Vietnam conflict, a domain that involved real death and dismemberment, that used real wounds as marks of success or failure. The lesser echoes of revolt—perhaps it was not all totally trivial—contributed something to the unpopularity of the war. The society may have been primed for disillusionment. Martial parades and old-time chauvinism were all too easily annihilated by a new mood of doubt. Just how effective this doubt was is debatable—particularly in the long run—since it is all too easily forgotten.

Perhaps the dissenters were back too far, and even those who had immediate access to the action could see none too clearly. They experienced absurd tactics stitched across the sky by "spooky," the soldier's name for the cargo planes equipped with modern-day, high-tech Gatling guns that could fill the sky with the incandescent light of a

million tracers and pack space with enough kinetic energy to melt tanks and obliterate trucks. The soldiers sailed the friendly sky to Never-never-land and back again upside down, crossing oceans in the blink of an eye. They took on the characters of little whacked-out cartoon characters, returning to a world of shadows and line drawings, to Monopoly-style houses that disappeared into a background haze of racial hatred and economic exploitation, all along the byways of the American way of life. The indoctrination never allowed "home sweet home" to deviate too far from the corner of "echo and normal," the archetypal intersection adjacent to Allen's studio in Fresno, California.

Throughout "Youth in Asia," Allen uses art to present (to re-present) the Vietnam War. The particulars are like the ghosts of history, the debris of the destroyed world. Confronted with the wasteland, the viewer becomes like a dreamer, or the thing named by the French term "revenant"—one who returns from the dead—or the Hopi breath bodies, the Navajo wind ghosts, and the Vietnamese souls who wander forever, killed before their times.

In "Youth in Asia," the viewer moves from connection to connection, recalling a range of associations from the French "Mission Civilisatrice" in Indochina to their fall at Dien Bien Phu, from the American period of military advising to their fall, in turn, at Saigon. There are collapsing Disney worlds and Disney lands undermined by social and political oversimplifications; there are emblems of innocence, Nazi concentration camps, pictorial inversions, and myriad racial and cultural hybridizations. American, French, Chinese, Mexican, Mnong Gar, Hopi, Navajo, and Vietnamese sources all come together.

1970 Large antiwar protests across United States. National Guardsmen kill four students at Kent State University May 4. Lieutenant William Calley goes on trial for his part in the Mylai Massacre.

Literature merges with painting, painting with sculpture, sculpture with architecture, and architecture with music. Many of the visual elements are linguistic symbols, and they function like Chinese characters or ideograms. They are poetic atmospheres moving through "Youth in Asia" like characters in a novel. They inhabit a virtual space between image, music, and text. The visual and verbal symbols expand—both westward and eastward—out from the center toward the margins and the borderlands. The rock and roll establishes that Barthesian negative where all identity is lost; it marks the rhythm destroying every point of origin, and the beat goes on and on.

The "Youth in Asia" images rove outside time and space in a place that is neutral, composite, and oblique; the works are contingent, fractured, and dislocated. They tell us who we are and where we are.

Craig Adcock

Trip to MARS

On April 16, 1987, I took a trip to MARS (Museum and Archeological Regional Storage facility of the national collections in Washington, D.C.) in the company of Terry Allen, Ron Gleason, Jimmy Gilmore, Butch Hancock, Joe Ely, and Jock Reynolds. Jock was at that time the director of the Washington Project for the Arts (WPA). The rest of us, artists, writers, and musicians, were there to prepare for an exhibition entitled "War and Memory" scheduled to open at the WPA later that fall. Terry, Jimmy, Butch, and Joe were going to write songs for a concert that would accompany the show. Ron and I were writing for the catalogue and the book being published in conjunction with the exhibition. Terry, in addition to his work as a songwriter, was building a big installation about the size of *CHINA NIGHT* for the show.

MARS is a warehouse in Maryland, north of Washington, not too far from NASA, and the reason we were

all interested in going there was to see the collection of things left at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial since its inauguration in late 1982. It was interesting to me that while veterans wanted to go to the wall, we wanted to go to this bizarre warehouse where the government archived the mementoes the veterans had left at the wall.

We entered a cavernous building filled with everything from machines and machine parts to acres of statues. The statues were mostly of presidents—Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, John F. Kennedy. There were also numerous old oil paintings, several printing presses, and some huge cut-glass lanterns from a demolished bridge that had originally spanned the Potomac. Everything at the facility was part of a strange historical surplus, a surfeit of art and artifacts that had spilled out from the many national museums located in the Washington area.

MARS has two main areas—a holding area for an unprocessed mishmash and a more organized area farther back for classified material. The latter is arranged in cabinets. In the first area, there are piles of material in plastic bags. Terry pointed out their resemblance to body bags. The first area is a triage station with piles of things waiting to be interred by the museum staff—folks who were a little too serious and a little too prone to lecture about “museology.”

In the second area, some of the items were heartrending; some were trivial. There were many flags, many ribbons, many medals, many Purple Hearts, and one Medal of Honor. There were many pieces of clothing—fatigues, flak jackets, hats, helmets, one pair of panties. Many of the hats had grenade pens attached to them.

One of the pieces that I found most poignant was a simple scribbled note to a friend ripped from a pocket-sized spiral notebook. The single sheet had a pen stuck through it. Ron Gleason later told me that he also thought that was one of the most touching things he had seen. He was also struck by a hat inscribed “Sorry about that.”

No one in our group seemed especially anxious to talk about the experience. We were shut up in ourselves. I was annoyed by the lecturing. One pacifist assistant seemed to want to exert editorial control over the experience—control that reflected his particular politics.

We did not see any of the many photographs that have been left at the wall, except for a few framed ones, and one large cardboard panel with about fifty or sixty snapshots. They showed scenes of landscapes that looked a little like the American Southwest except for an occasional water buffalo. They also showed military equipment—trucks, tanks, personnel carriers, and helicopters. On the right side of the panel were several pictures of dead Vietnamese soldiers. They were clearly dead, but somehow not overly gruesome, despite one body's having its guts spilled out.

MARS is also inhabited by the wax sculptural fragments that Frederick Hart used in making casts for his realistic addition to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. I spoke to Terry about their resemblance to the body parts in *TORSO HELL*. For me, those big chunks of wax lying scattered about in the archives evoked the war's aftermath more accurately than Hart's over-life-sized bronzes placed near Maya Lin's masterpiece. The realistic statues are like a staged photograph. They are, in other words, much like the famous statue by Felix de Welden that inspired them: the Iwo Jima Monument.

1. Kali Tal, “Vietnam War Novels: War Looking at Film Looking at War,” *Jump Cut* 36 (1991): 19-24.

2. Jan Scruggs and Joel Swardlow, *To Heal a Nation* (New York: Harper and Row, 1985), 49.

This memorial to the famous World War II battle is in Arlington National Cemetery, the site where President Bush delivered his speech recommending an amendment to the Constitution to protect the flag. It was inherently a theatrical work, a scenographic sculpture. The Iwo Jima Monument is based on the photograph by Joel Rosenthal, and Rosenthal's image is a reenactment of an earlier flag raising that took place at the end of the battle.¹ The first event was also photographed, but it was not, one assumes, so dramatically framed. The flag raising was reenacted yet again at the conclusion of the John Wayne movie, *The Sands of Iwo Jima*.

Not coincidentally, Frederick Hart was apprenticed to Felix de Welden, and Hart's addition to the wall rings with the same John Wayne heroics that informs both the film and the Iwo Jima Monument. Hart's statues

were added to Maya Lin's memorial in response to an ongoing controversy that also led to the "War and Memory" exhibition at the WPA. According to Jan Scruggs, the activist perhaps most responsible for the wall's being built, the changes were effected by a group of powerful veterans and politicians. They "wanted to take an undeclared war that had oozed on and off the center stage of American life and transform it into a John Wayne movie. They wanted the memorial to make Vietnam what it had never been in reality: a good, clean, glorious war seen as necessary and supported by a united country."²

The wall is a central element in the overall symbolism of Allen's "Youth in Asia" series. In all the fragments, the debris of memory left at the wall and archived at MARS, there is an eternal note of sadness. That same sadness pervades "Youth in Asia." Going to MARS was like entering (or being interred with) an assemblage from the series, where everything is dead and buried, signed, sealed, and delivered.

Craig Adcock

1971 American troop strength in Vietnam down to 140,000 men.

1972 North Vietnam launches offensive across demilitarized zone March 30. Nixon announces mining of Haiphong Harbor and intensification of American bombing of North Vietnam May 8. Five men arrested June 17 for breaking into Democratic National Committee offices at Watergate complex in Washington, D.C. Nixon is re-elected by a land-slide November 7.

Making Sense

The Magic / The Art / The Artist

1. The Magic

The ancient and still most valid function of any art is magic. Western European/American white people and those others not so white who have bought the concept have a lot of trouble with magic. They largely do not believe in magic, and if some might, most still do not care to be affected by such. Magic is to be avoided because magic alters order. Magic changes. These people like the things the way they are. These people try to quit smoking and they try to drink less; they jog; they wear their seatbelts; they keep away from red meat. They don't want to wake up tomorrow with cancer or even fat thighs. The best surprise, so says the motel chain, is no surprise at all.

Don't ever say "never," my mama says; it might just change to "will." The generation that grew up in this country just following World War II and the Korean War was a generation bred for no surprises. By the time it was reaching some sign of maturity, the early sixties, the future

lay long out like a sparkling, uncongested urban freeway. Nuclear war was a forgotten fear of the fifties; hunger was a banished demon of the thirties. Polio was conquered; cancer couldn't be far behind. Technology would take over the dirty jobs. We'd all have a boat to go water skiing. Who would want to change any of that?

Lyndon Johnson, perhaps. The bad and the good of the sixties can rightfully be attributed to many sources, but in none is so much centered as in Lyndon Johnson. Perhaps the man himself was a magician; he was the agent for some serious change. In his own search for order, he blew hell out of the order of the postwar generation. Instead of a ski boat, they found a rice paddy. They got their legs and their arms and their very goddamned heads blown off. AND IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THAT WAY!

They found their right-side-up world turned right-upside-down.

Many of them still haven't recovered. They want, they say, for America to welcome them home. Which America is that? There is another America, not nearly so well lit, not nearly so clean, not anywhere near so ordered, where Snow White's world has always been upside down—where the future was never a sparkling urban freeway, but instead some dirty old dirt road that winds off into the desert among generations of empty beer cans. The America hardly noticed they were gone. The difference between a KACHINA NIGHT and a CHINA NIGHT is just two unlit neon letters in an adobe bar window.

Out in New Mexico, the deep wise old blood always knew surprise was always just around the corner, and the deep wise old blood always knew disaster was likely to do the surprising. No matter how pretty and young and white you start out, you end up smudged and blackened and wrinkled like the Badlands—likely blown to bits several times and patched each time because there's nothing else to do except die—and you'll do that soon enough. Living another day in the Badlands is a kind of victory. Who knows about old age?

Was that Asian war different from any other war? All wars take young men and blow them to bits. All wars leave glassy-eyed parents and confused wives. Why did that war seem to leave such long-lasting scars? Because America lost, do you suppose? Ah, Americans are used to losing wars. Go hang out in the (KA)CHINA NIGHT and ask that brown-skinned guy over there, the one with sideburns and moustache and straw hat, ask him which side his great-great-grandfather was on. Also ask that guy over there, the one with braids. Ask the kid shooting pool, the one with wheat-straw hair

and washed-out blue eyes. Ask him which color uniform his great-great-grandfather wore in that war back east long ago.

Losing isn't new to Americans.

So if the long black wall is a monument to this lost war, then is the (KA)CHINA NIGHT a monument to all lost wars? Let's get a little stranger. Are, indeed, any wars won or lost at all? William Faulkner said, "They are not even fought. The field only reveals to man his own folly and despair, and victory is an illusion of philosophers and fools." Let's get even stranger. Are there any wars at all? Doesn't the existence of war prove the existence of peace? Where the hell is the peace? The past and present of all mankind seems to be conflict. Certainly the story of this continent's acquaintance with the western European white man has been one of continuing war. He warred himself all the way across it, and though it's something of a cliché to say that Vietnam was just another Indian war, as in most clichés, there is contained here a great deal of truth. Certainly the United States went to Vietnam to take its own political, social, economic, and anthropological vision to those political savages who of course had none. Lyndon Johnson and his buddies sought to IMPOSE ORDER.

The war? Which war? The artist in the coffee shop in Fresno said his view of the war was not political, but personal. He saw what it did to people. That's true of All-The-War, of course: Politics is the highly imprecise science of guessing the future and second-guessing the past. The kid with the roadrunners tattooed on the backs of his legs is just as dead whether his death was planned for or unplanned for and rationalized.

The artist was asked what the art meant. The artist, as expected, tried to say something. Nice ladies smiled at him while he spoke. Art, of course, don't mean nothing. Art is.

Good art effects change. Life itself effects change. Lame Deer said, "We are part of the nature around us, and the older we get, the more we come to look like it. In the end we become part of the landscape with a face like the Badlands."

Approach that bar in the Badlands with caution. They've got live rattlesnakes in there.

A kachina really isn't a doll. A kachina is really a spiritual being that comes to somehow inhabit a mortal man who dresses to resemble the being. The (KA)CHINA NIGHT is long and dark with neon flashing on broken bottles and empty beer cans, God knows, and deserted dice and broken combs and used condoms. It is a night filled with unformed neon reflections on deep wise blood glimpses of the Other Side—of WHAT IS.

Approach that bar with caution. They've got live rattlesnakes in there.

Some concrete Mother Mary stands on a snake out front.

I said to the artist, "I'd rather just stand at the front and look at the bar than go around to the other side and see Snow White's upside-down world." I said, "I been trying to avoid that side all my life."

But the bar is full of live rattlesnakes!

Well, of course the bar is full of live rattlesnakes. Who the hell ever suggested otherwise? Maybe if you're lucky some Mother Mary might step on one for you—but don't count on it. Living is dangerous to your health.

2. The Art

The room is darkest gray/black with neon signs: DON'T MEAN NOTHING and NEVER HAPPEN. One of these signs is at the front of the room; one is at the back. The bar is a New Mexico-blue, sort of plastered, adobelike. It faces forward in the dark room. Across the front of the bar are painted kachinas. The entrance to the bar is a smudged

screen door; that's to your right as you stand in front. To your left, on the front of the bar, is a window hung with an old American flag for a curtain. This is a flag when the stars were still stacked instead of staggered. Mexican/New Mexican windowsill icons sit in the window. A neon sign in the middle of the window used to say KACHINA NIGHT, but with the KA no longer burning, now it says CHINA NIGHT. On the end of the building, to your left as you stand in front, is painted the large face of an Indian, like on a tourist truckstop. At the other end is a rattlesnake with rattles rattling and a sign that says you can see them live.

Go around behind and find the back of the construction open. A room is upside-down there, a pretty-much-normal American room with an easy chair and a lamp. And standing on the floor—which is, of course, actually the ceiling upside-down, if the other stuff is on the floor, are Snow White and all Seven Dwarfs. The Dwarfs, with yellow flesh and gray clothing, do what the Seven Dwarfs are generally supposed to do. Snow White, who is all white, is something else. With concrete horror on her face, her mouth hanging open, she is forever trapped in something concrete and horrible. These stand in brown dirt, where a partially buried neon sign says, THERE IT IS.

All this is surrounded by a tall wire fence, the fence at the bar's front and sides topped with coiled barbed wire like a war zone. The top of Snow White's fence is lined with smooth, unbarbed wire. The fence encloses, around the entire construction, a truckload of sand. The sand is narrow and clear on Snow White's side. It is a littered yard on the bar side. A discarded tire rests in front

1973 Last American troops leave
Vietnam March 29. Last American
prisoners of war released in Hanoi
April 1. John Dean, former White
House counsel, tells a special
Senate committee that Nixon tried
to cover up the Watergate affair.
Former Nixon aide discloses
existence of tapes of White House
conversations. Senate Armed
Services Committee begins hearings
on the secret bombing of Cambodia.
Vice President Agnew resigns.

of the window. A sort-of New Mexico-blue concrete madonna stands in a sea shell on the right toward the front of the fence. She stands on a concrete snake. The yard is littered with twelve Coors cans. (The artist and his children had no food in the house, so the artist and I went to the supermarket and bought some, and along with the groceries, bought a twelve-pack of Coors, a brand neither of us generally drinks, but did then for the sake of art, and then threw the cans into the front yard.) One Budweiser bottle rests there, too, and several Michelob, because they served Michelob at the opening—the first-night opening, I mean—the one for the patrons and others who could afford the barbequed steak and open bar. We smoked cigarettes and threw the butts into the sand. The artist picked up a ruined black pocket comb and paper cups from the street outside his studio and threw them in. The artist and I each threw in one of a set of two dice. We got eleven. The artist and others threw in crumpled, empty cigarette packs and other miscellaneous human things. The artist and I discussed the probability and desirability of used condoms.

A tape plays. Ron Gleason and the artist and I read the artist's writings about "Youth in Asia" and "Youth in New Mexico"—poems of disorientation and the story of the roadrunner. Between and around those readings are portions of recorded music. Music from Vietnam and from Mexico. Jimi Hendrix and George Jones. Creedence Clearwater. Little Feat. Townes Van Zandt doing "Pancho and Lefty."

The first-night opening, the one with the expensive sit-down meal and open bar, I am sitting beside the artist eating damn good steak when a lady leans over. She says to me that someone in the other room wants me to come stand in the doorway so that other somebody might see me without me seeing that other somebody. I am a little colorful for the Fresno Arts Center, I admit, with my hat and hawk feathers and braids and pierced ears, but quickly I perceive that the unknown somebody has mistaken my colorful self for the artist himself. The artist has already told me no one in Fresno knows him much. The artist is dangerously close to being an international art star, but he is a prophet unknown in his own home. So I point to the artist and say, "It's him you want. He's the one who did it. Not me."

Next night, the opening that don't cost a thing, I come in carrying a half bottle of beer and smoking a mostly smoked cigarette. A kid comes up quickly. "Sir," he says, "the director says no smoking." So I pitch the cigarette into the littered front yard of the (KA)CHINA NIGHT. I go back outside for something and come back and the same kid gets me. "Sir, the director says no drinking." All I can say is its too damn bad the (KA)CHINA NIGHT is full of Snow White's upside-down world. If it was full of beer and a jukebox, then I'd just disappear inside and get quickly drunk in eastern New Mexico. Like I told the artist, I've been trying to keep away from that damn Snow White all my life; she's always messing up good bars.

So instead I just go outside. The Fresno Arts Center sits in a field of green grass with picnic tables. The artist has already told me that Vietnamese come to these tables to gamble sometimes. Tonight I can see shadowy figures at the tables in darkness. I sit down at the nearest and smoke. A girl emerges. She

asks me, "Can I have a cigarette?" I give her one. She has a heavy Mexican accent, and she is listening to my voice, too. She says, "How old are you? You look young, but you sound old." I laugh at her. She asks me, "Do I look pregnant?" She could be, or else she's done some serious eating and drinking lately. "I haven't had a period in five months," she says. I say, "Sounds like you might be pregnant." She rubs her hand across her breasts. "I used to have big tits and a little belly," she says. "Now I got little tits and big belly." I laugh at her. She says, "My name's Ruby." She wants to know, "Where did you come from?" I point out the Fresno Arts Center and more-or-less explain where I came from. She says, "Oh, I always wanted to go in there."

Remember I said she has this heavy Mexican accent.

Oh God! Miracles appear in the strangest of places. God is alive; magic is afoot.

"Where you from?" I ask her, hoping to God in heaven it's New Mexico. "Fresno," she says. It ain't New Mexico, but by God, it would do.

The girl is headed across the street for some beer. She brings it back and sits beside me at the picnic table. She gives me one. "Well, you gonna take me in there?" she wants to know. "If you wanna go," I tell her. "Will you buy me some whiskey?" she wants to know. I laugh at her. She says, "I don't like white people. They build these houses for us to live in, but I don't like them." She asks me, "Do you like white people?"

She asks me, "Can my friends come, too?" She shows me her friends. They are drunker than she is by a long shot, and male and not nearly so pretty. I expect they would fall over things. I'm colorful, but I'm not crazy.

Ah, (KA)CHINA NIGHT, where are you?

3. The Artist

The first night I was in Fresno, the artist and I got good and drunk sitting at his kitchen counter. We drank a lot of beer and his bottle of whiskey, and we talked about dying. We didn't talk about our dying, we talked about all the dead we had. The artist, after all, is dealing with "Youth in Asia." And he has recently done words and music for a dance piece, words and music he based vaguely on a steel guitar player I used to know in New Mexico—a steel guitar-player who ODeD in the late seventies. The artist told me about his dead, Pete Duel and Lowell George and others. I told him about mine. I can't count them on my fingers and toes. Next morning, with a hangover, he took off for San Francisco to take a look at how the dance piece was going, and I stayed in Fresno with my hangover.

In the middle of the afternoon, my wife, Judy, called me from Dallas and told me Georgia Stafford was dead. She'd killed herself with barbiturates over the weekend. I wasn't surprised, really. She'd tried before. Georgia was a painter and a good one usually, with ideas and concepts not unlike those of the artist now in San Francisco. I'd once been very close to her—close, hell, why not tell the truth? There ain't no Snow Whites in this (KA)CHINA NIGHT. Georgia used to stay with Judy and me, and once when she thought she was pregnant, she said to me, "Oh, we'll have such a beautiful child." And now, by Fresno sundown, I could see her dead of barbiturates with puke running out her mouth.

1974 House Judiciary Committee
opens impeachment hearings on Nixon
May 9. Communist buildup of men and
supplies proceeds in South Vietnam
in June. Nixon resigns August 9.

1975 Communists capture Danang. In
Cambodia, Phnom Penh falls to the
Khmer Rouge. Saigon taken by
Communist forces.

The artist lives in a very nice, quiet green neighborhood. I went out and sat in his yard. An old lady walked by. I was drunk enough again, and I thought how good it would have been if Georgia could have found enough peace to get that old and walk someday peacefully down peaceful streets.

But then, I thought, look at you yourself, you have a lot of room to talk. Here you are, forty years old, sitting drunk in the grass in a Fresno sundown some thousand miles from home and wife and kids, mourning that disordered woman who never knew what to do anyway.

So what did she do? She painted and wrote poetry and songs of social disorder. Sounds kind of familiar. What does the artist now driving home from San Francisco do? What do any of us who portend to be artists of this disordered generation do?

Why has this damn war left such long and searing scars? Because it was a heavy straw of several that broke the back of order. THINGS WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THAT WAY! But they were.

If artists are magicians, as they should be, and if magic alters order, then the order we have to alter now is, itself, disorder. And most of us have become true conservatives. A nation-full has declared itself conservative now. It is not. Those who elected Ronald Reagan are not conservative. They just haven't yet seen the FREEWAY ENDS sign. They'll see it soon enough. They'll get out of their BMWs a little dazed and squint into the desert sun to try and see what's where the freeway should have run. There'll be that funny little blue bar, almost beyond sight . . .

Conservatives aren't interested in BMWs and endless freeways; conservatives cling to basics. We are a generation of artists searching for something Godawful basic. I have gone back to my rural west Texas

past and my older native past. The artist has gone into his own west Texas/eastern New Mexico past—and done an admirable job of it. —Lubbock on everything.

The artist now almost back from San Francisco is a true conservative. He is searching for a handle on the old wise-blood magic. He is an actor, as such, in this himself. By searching for the magic, he makes the magic. No, that's not right. The magic is there. The artist is one who has sense to recognize it. The artist knows that surprise is all there is. The artist smokes cigarettes like he owns stock in a tobacco company.

The artist and I rode around Fresno in his pickup. We picked up junk to throw into the (KA)CHINA NIGHT yard. We drank beer. We told stories. We hung out till closing time in the (KA)CHINA NIGHT. The fat Mexican barmaid asked us where we came from. We said "The Fresno Arts Center," and we laughed, but we tried not to be too loud. The barmaid didn't get the joke, exactly. She'd never been to Fresno; Fresno's a long way from eastern New Mexico. The Mexican guy said he'd been out there working; he said they had some pretty strange bars out there. The Indian said no bar was too strange for him. The artist shot pool with the kid who had wheat-straw hair, and they were about evenly matched. I looked at the other stuff in the Fresno Arts Center and some was fair-to-middling good. But none of it was anything like this bar. I looked back over at the artist shooting pool. I noticed the Mexican girl from the park outside had come in. She had big tits and a small belly (Hell, if you're going to work magic, you might as well get as much out of it as you can). She smiled at me, but I was thinking about the artist. I was thinking, this ain't art. I'm not sure he makes art at all.

I think he makes sense, I thought. Then I smiled back at the girl.

Roxy Gordon

Terry Allen's *Big Witness*

A Less Perfect Union

*Happy is a dwarf in a
movie for kids.*

Loren D. Estleman

*Eh quoi! vraiment, c'est pour ça
que je me suis battu? c'est
pour cette peinture claire, pour
ces taches, pour ces reflets,
pour cette décomposition
de la lumière?*

*Sieigneur, étais-je fou?
Mais c'est très laid, cela me
fait horreur!*

Émile Zola

The (Ka)china (K)night reclines in his chicken-wire couch, in his chicken-wire house, a conduit for the canned-advice, audible and subliminal, he speaks from the heart. He is self-contained and self-aware, sensitive but strong as well, oh yes, very strong—even though he's been hurt. He is the terminal artifact of pop modernism—a Donald Judd Transformer toy—autonomous and reflective, empty and full of himself, at one with his culture, you might say, or, in the artist's phrase, "trapped in his furniture." He would probably like to meet a girl trapped in her furniture as well, and probably advertises for her in the personals ("Nam vet getting it together seeks nonsmoker who likes the smell of furniture polish.").

Unfortunately, he probably has herpes, which he caught from a hippie right after he came back, but it hasn't flared up in a long time. Not since he's been listening to his tapes.

So that's under control. And he does not have AIDS. Or doesn't think he does. (I mean where could he have gotten AIDS?) Still, he doesn't mind safe sex. In fact, he rather prefers it. There are a lot of things, these days, that he'd rather keep to himself. He is building up his immunity to other people, you know, living in wishes and trying to get "into himself." And has succeeded in that. He has not, of course, achieved "real success," not yet, but he has successfully visualized it and, thanks to the regular use of his tapes (which help him change "without thought, without effort, without strain"), he is no longer dependent on anything except his tapes. It is a personal victory. He has a lot of inner life. We are all so happy for him.

He has been created, you know, or re-created at the confluence of European culture heading west and European enterprise heading east—at the Asian intersection of Flaubert and Rothschild, Mondrian and

Krupp, Sartre and De Gaulle. He just happened to be on the scene, in Indochina, when they came together and exploded in a blaze of technological modernism that killed his friends and fucked with his head. Now he is an American again, but not an old-timey one. Disillusioned with life and liberty, he is into the pursuit of happiness (*la chasse de bonheur*), self-actualization, elegance, completion, closure, and lovely surfaces. *Les jeux sont faits*. He knows that, so now he is a problem solver, a game player, a power dresser. His cardiovascular system is a fucking work of art. *He is a fucking work of art.*

But the work of art of which he is an element is another sort of animal altogether. Sartre notwithstanding, this work of art, *BIG WITNESS* (*living in wishes*), is about the self as hell, about the death of intimacy in a world that offers no option between public life and inner torment. And, in conjunction with the other pieces in Terry Allen's "Youth in Asia" series, it is about a civilization that fucks and abandons its past and future, its ancestors and its children, in the pursuit of happiness, in the name of mercy, in order to form a more perfect union—between the government and our appetites.

Further, I think, *BIG WITNESS* presents us with a unique opportunity to see the mechanics of Terry Allen's vision at ground zero, and this should, hopefully, help us revise the ambient tendency to read its energy and extravagance, its density and perversity, as evidence of "self-expression." If it does that, it is an important occasion since, in my experience with the work, I have never come across any real evidence to contradict my perception that Allen's work is now, as it always has been, "art from the outside," to use Warhol's phrase—dedicated, like Warhol's "disaster" paintings, to being as clear-eyed and heartfelt about the pain in the world "out

here" as possible without indulging in self-dramatizing angst.

And *BIG WITNESS* is special in this regard, for no more complex reason than that all of Allen's "personal" input into the piece is visual and all of the culturally appropriated effluvia with which he infects it is aural. Sometimes it is easier to see the bulb with the light turned down, and in *BIG WITNESS*, probably for the first time, we can see the visual armature of Allen's vision in all its dark, Dante-esque geometry, in all its icy, passionately intellectual morality. It is political art, I believe, in the most serious sense, about the tragedy of government, and not just the government of men, but the government of language as well and the government of mythology.

And whereas Allen's art usually presents us with a gorgeous battlefield littered with broken hearts, stupid pictures, and wasted words, whose tragic energy and exuberance tend to mask the nature of the battle itself, in *BIG WITNESS* the apocalyptic struggle between the isolating function of modern government and the animal need for bonding is starkly dramatized in an image of total defeat—the beast alone, voluntarily supine and coextensive with his cage, listening to its master's voice, programming itself.

This image in *BIG WITNESS* is the exact counterpart to the one Allen theatricalizes in *TORSO HELL*, a horror-movie—treatment/radio show Allen produced in 1986. In *TORSO HELL*, the warrior is violently rather than voluntarily disconnected. He has been the victim of a direct artillery strike in Vietnam, which has resulted in his becoming a quadruple amputee. Further, his blown-off

arms and legs have been inadvertently reattached to his buddies, who were victims of the same explosion. They have all returned to the States: the buddies to their previous lives, the hero to "torso hell," in the custody of his heartless aunt and her punk son in a boardinghouse in New Mexico.

The aunt and her son keep the hero alive to collect his government disability, and to amuse themselves, they torture and abuse him. Finally, like the hero in *BIG WITNESS*, the hero of *TORSO HELL*, having no place else to go, goes deep "into himself" and through "mind control" summons up his buddies and his absent limbs, calls them to him. Then, in an ultra-violent scene of reunion and revenge, the torso reassembles himself into a "whole man"—enacting a powerful and perverse ritual of re-socialization.

Taken together, *TORSO HELL* and *BIG WITNESS* present us with two rather bleak options for the reassertion of the human bond: hopelessness and transcendental violence, which are, in effect, the same option.

Dave Hickey

1977 Newly elected President Jimmy Carter pardons most of 10,000 Vietnam War draft evaders.

1978 Vietnam invades Cambodia. Thousands of "boat people" begin to flee Vietnam.

1979 China invades Vietnam.

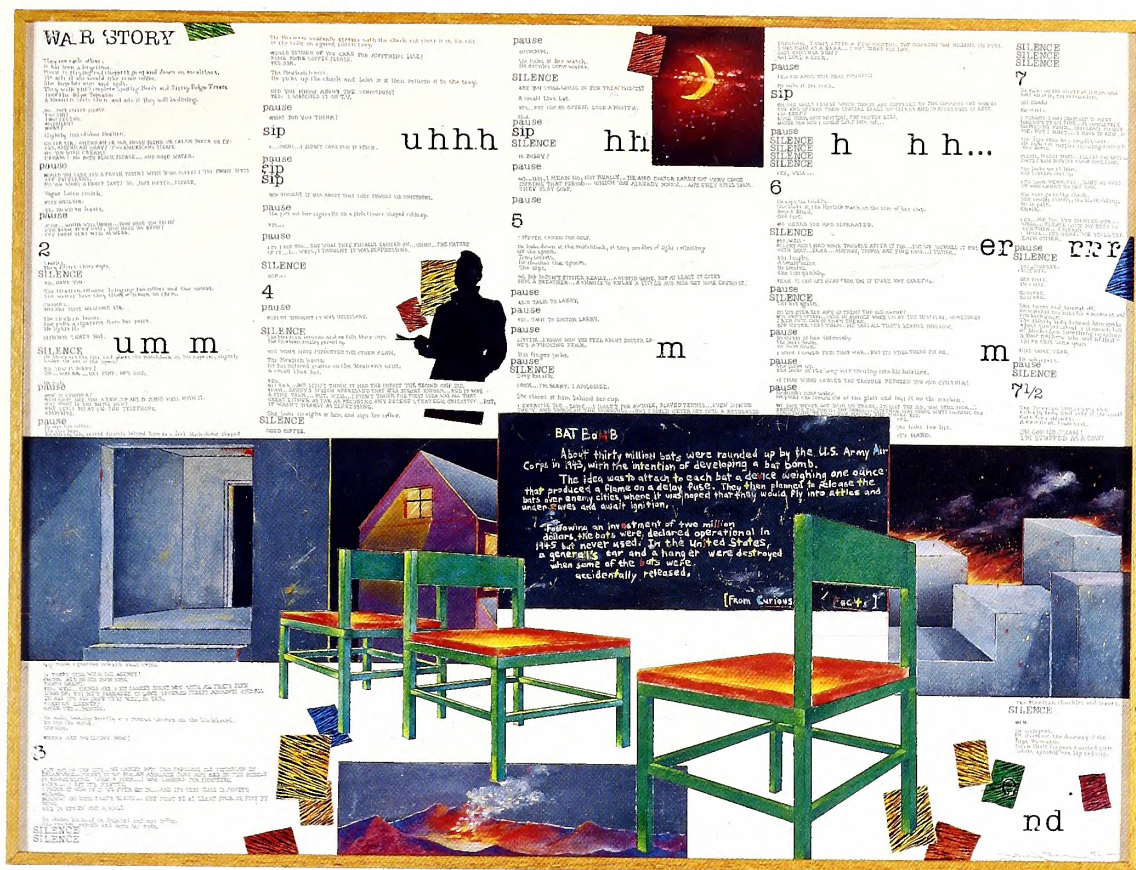
1982 Vietnam Veterans Memorial unveiled in Washington, D.C.

And it's been proved that soldiers don't go mad
Unless they lose control of ugly thoughts
That drive them out to jabber among the trees.

Siegfried Sassoon

Do you know what the passing year is like?
A snake slithering down a hole.
Half his long scales already hidden.
How to stop him getting away?
Grab his tail and pull, you say?
I get up and look at the slanting dipper.
How could I hope next year won't come—
my mind shrinks from the failures it may bring.
I work to hold onto the night.
While I can still brag I'm young.

Su Dongpo (1036–1101)

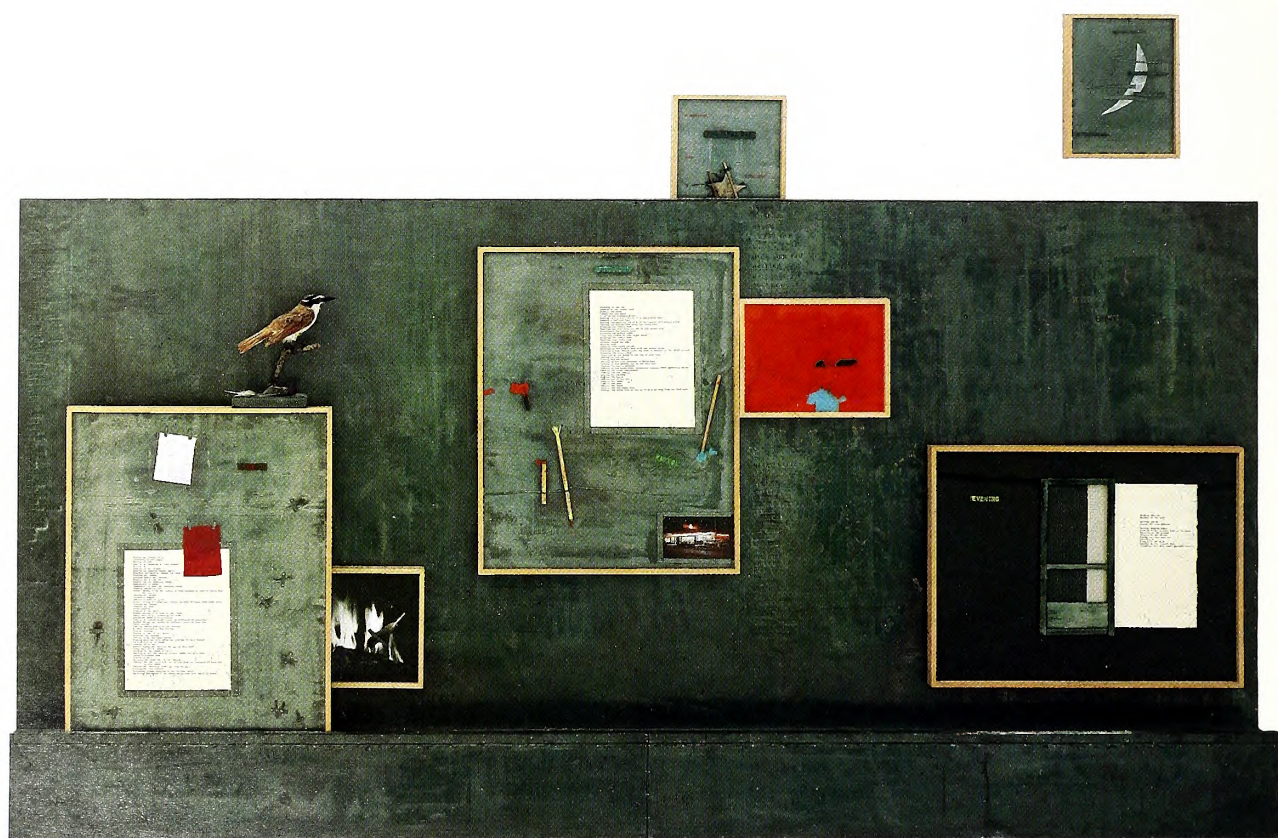


WAR STORY, 1982

Mixed media on paper

30 1/2 x 40 1/2 inches

Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush, Boston, Massachusetts

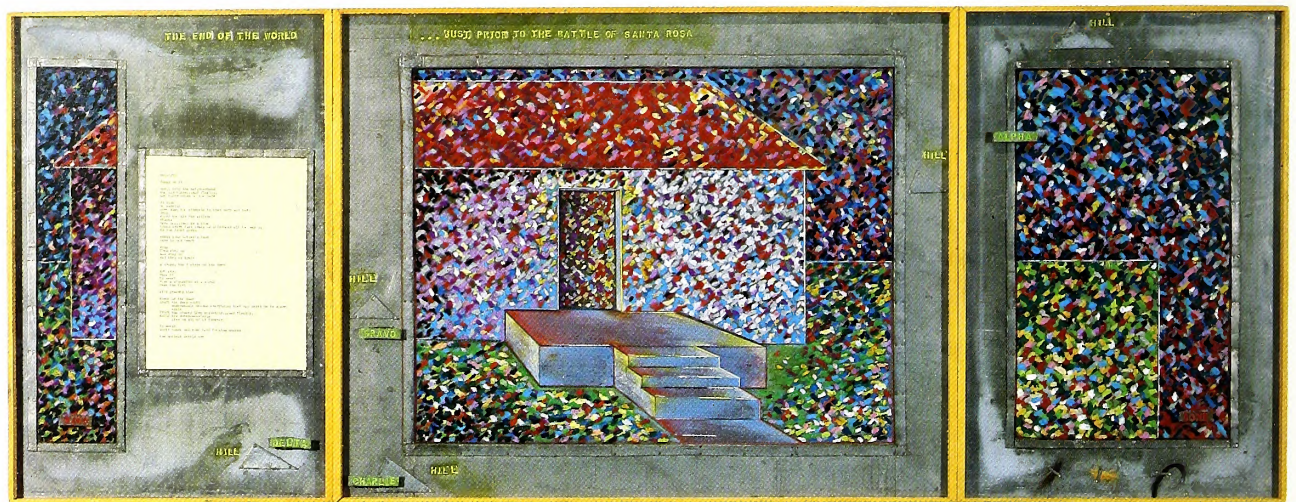


THE FIRST DAY (back in the world), 1983

Mixed-media construction

62 x 96 x 9 inches

Collection of the San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California



THE END OF THE WORLD . . . JUST PRIOR TO THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA,
1984

Mixed media

23½ x 64 inches

Collection of Kathleen and Gerald Peters, Santa Fe, New Mexico



THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA, 1984

Mixed-media construction

46 x 168 x 36 inches

Collection of The Contemporary Museum, Honolulu, Hawaii



46½ x 46½ inches

Collection of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York
Purchase, Clarence Y. Palitz, Jr. Gift and various donors, 1987
Copyright ©1987 By The Metropolitan Museum of Art



BUDDHA OF LAS CRUCES, 1984

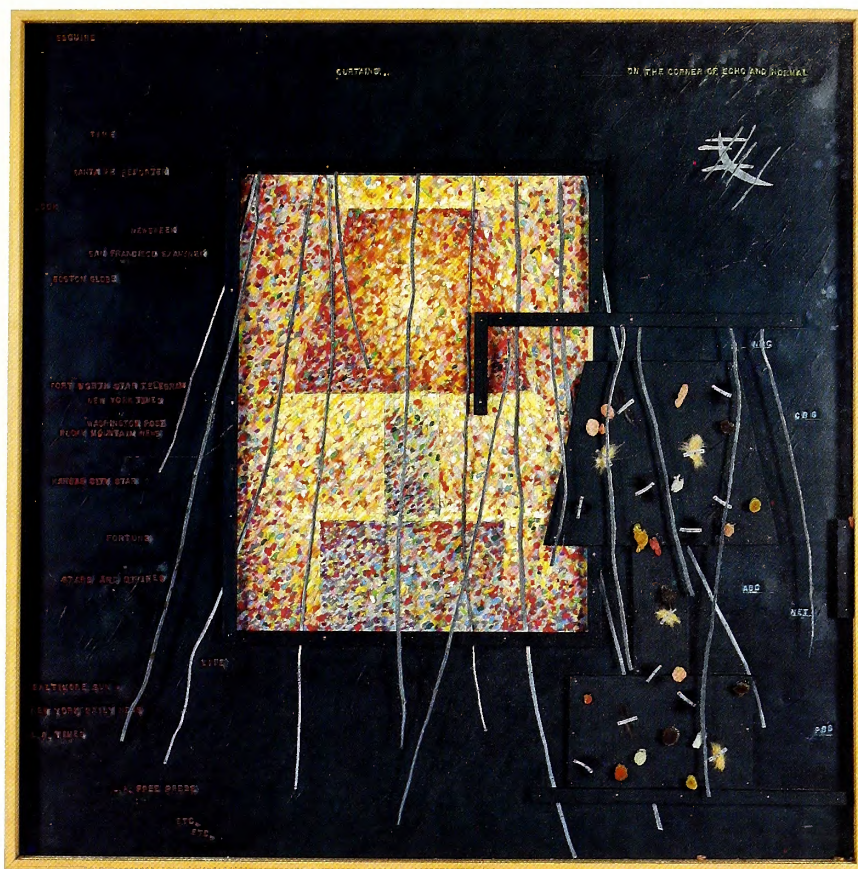
Mixed media on lead

46 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 46 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 3 inches

Collection of Robert Lehrman, Washington, D.C.



BEARING STRAIGHT AT THE CLUB CAFÉ (the Mexican shepherd boy), 1984
Mixed media on lead and paper
46¼ x 58¼ x 3 inches
Courtesy of the Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas

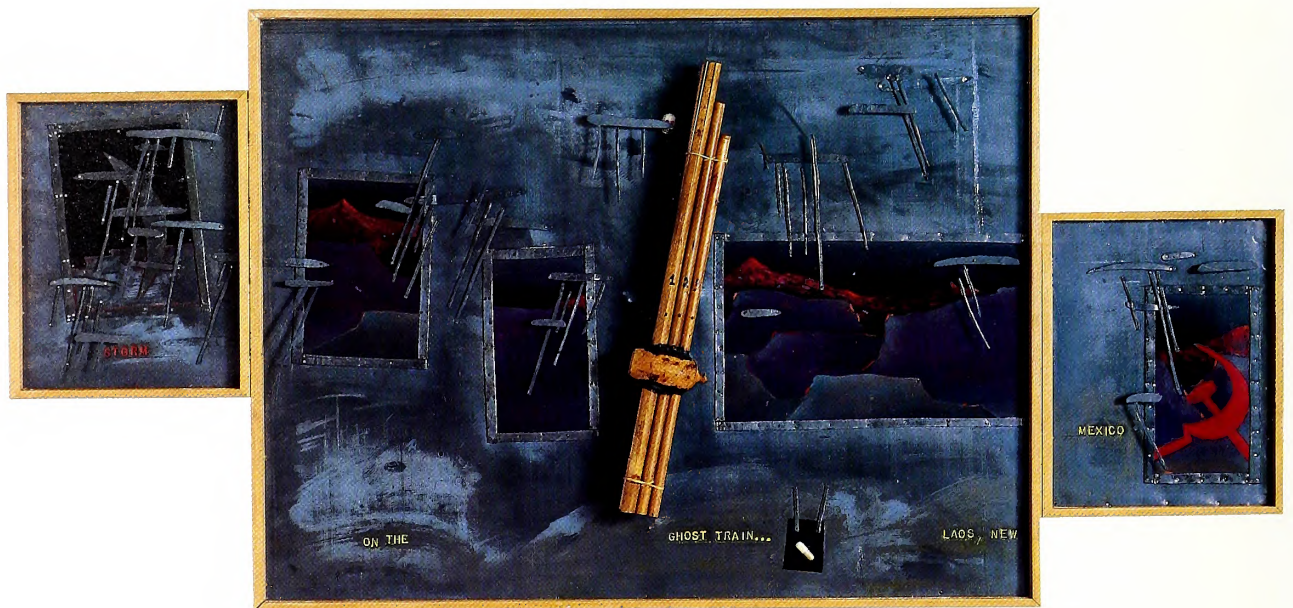


CURTAINS... ON THE CORNER OF ECHO AND NORMAL, 1984

Mixed media on lead

46 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 46 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 3 inches

Collection of the Honolulu Advertiser Collection at Persis Corporation, Honolulu, Hawaii



STORM ON THE GHOST TRAIN... LAOS, NEW MEXICO, 1984

Mixed media on lead

22½ x 47¼ x 3 inches

Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush, Boston, Massachusetts

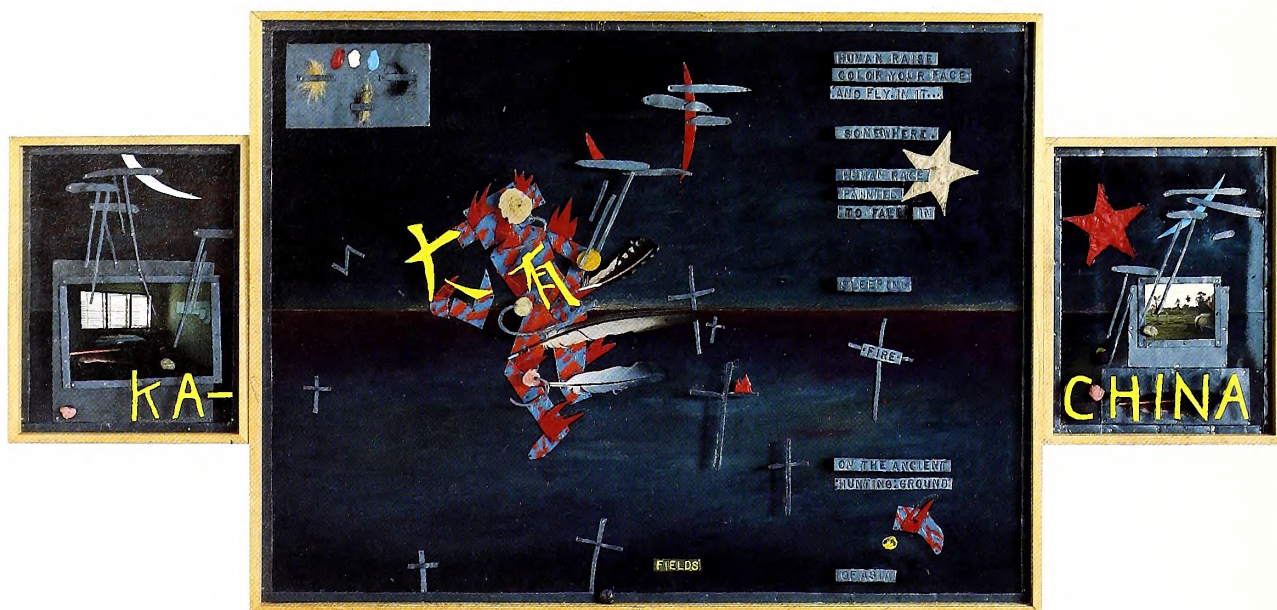


NIGHT DROP, 1984

Mixed media

22½ x 29½ inches

Collection of The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A., New York, New York



KACHINA FIELDS, 1984
Mixed media
22 x 48½ inches
Collection of Frito-Lay, Inc., Dallas, Texas

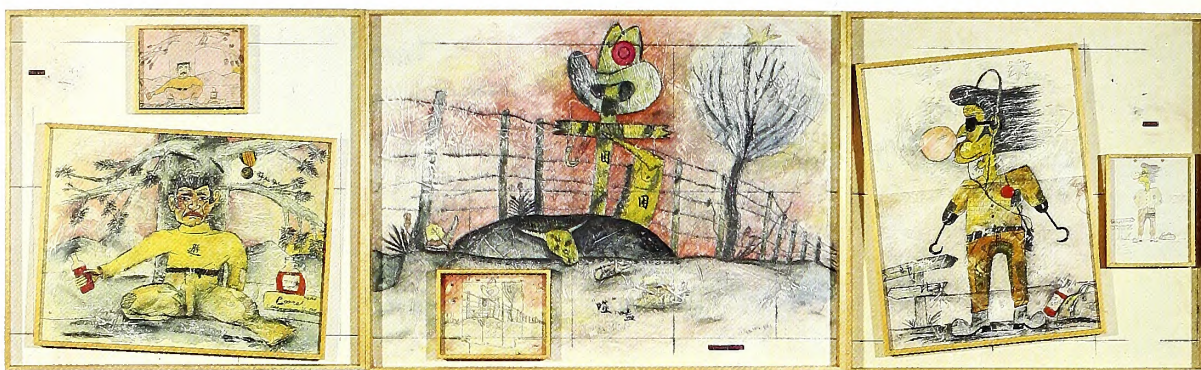


THE RAPTURE OF CAPTAIN BLOOD, 1985

Mixed media

31½ x 47½ inches

Collection of The Rene and Veronica di Rosa Foundation, Napa, California



TOKAY ROSE, 1985

Mixed media

36 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 122 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Ashe, Sausalito, California



HOPE, 1985

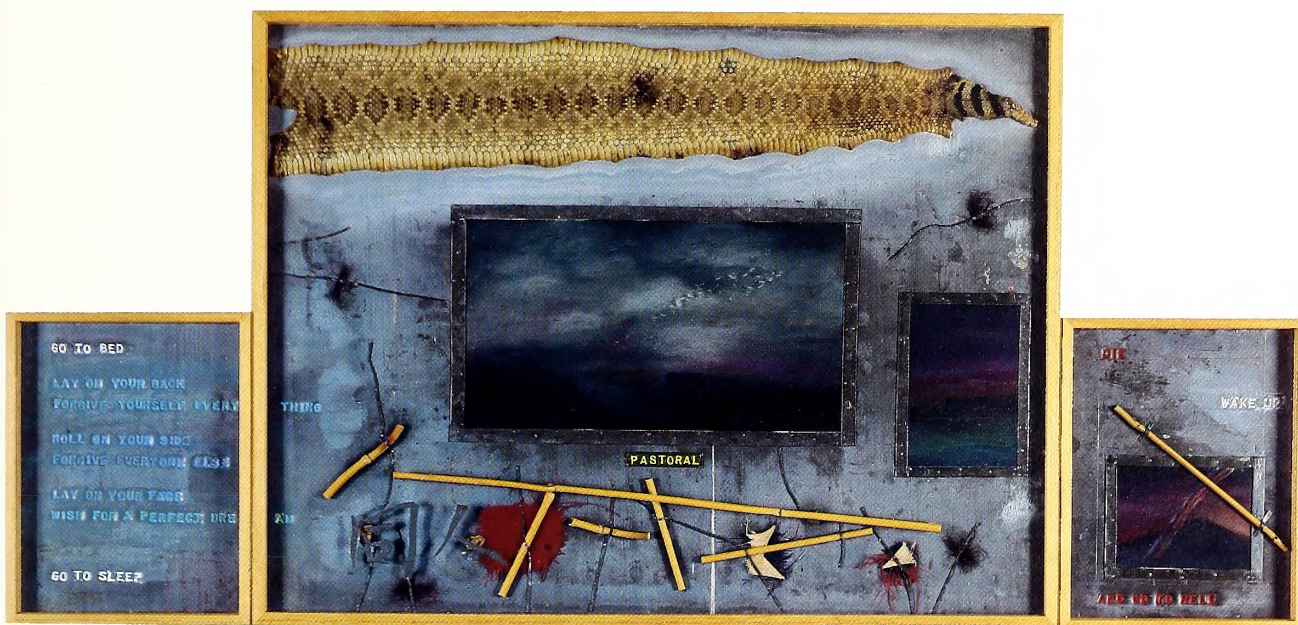
Mixed media on lead and paper

36 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Collection of Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds, Andover, Massachusetts



GRACE, 1985
 Mixed-media construction
 48¼ x 42 x 39 inches
 Collection of Sheila and Wally Weisman, Beverly Hills, California

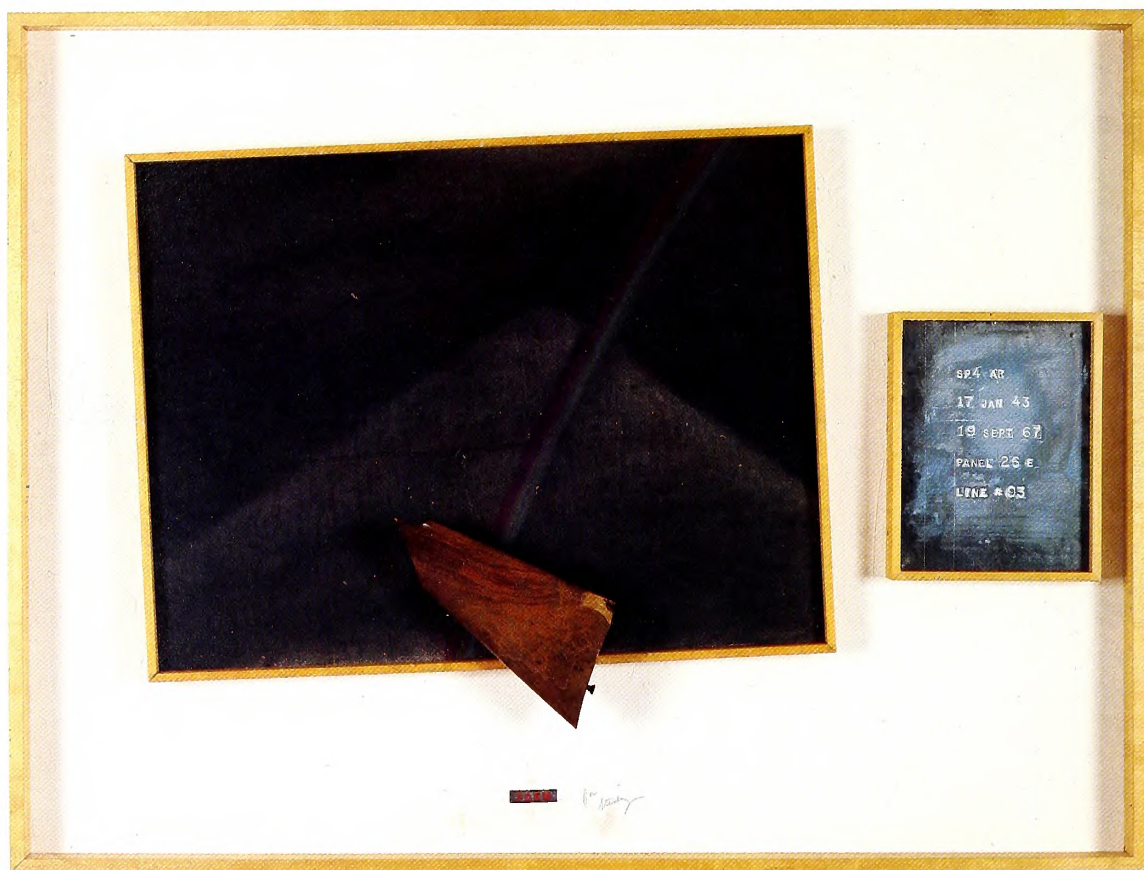


PASTORAL, 1985

Mixed media on lead

22 ½ x 47 ½ inches

Collection of Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds, Andover, Massachusetts



POEM, 1985
 Mixed media
 36 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 48 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 3 inches
 Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Ashe, Sausalito, California



CHINA NIGHT, 1985

Mixed-media installation with sound

96 x 270 x 164 inches

Collection of The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, California

The El Paso Natural Gas Fund for California Art



STUDY DRAWING FOR CHINA NIGHT NEW MEXICO LUBBOCK, 1985

Pastel and graphite on paper

22¾ x 30¾ inches

Collection of the Southwestern Bell Corporation Collection, St. Louis, Missouri

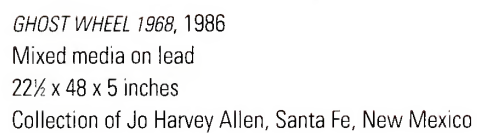


INDOCHINE, 1986

Mixed media on lead

32 x 48 1/2 inches

Collection of Sarah Hoe Sterling, New York, New York





FANTASIA, 1986

Mixed-media construction

41½ x 42 x 30¾ inches

Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush, Boston, Massachusetts



STATION BREAK, 1986
 Mixed media on lead
 30 1/2 x 23 inches
 Collection of Rene di Rosa, Napa, California



THE MAGIC KINGDOM, 1986

Mixed media

46½ x 92½ inches

Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush, Boston, Massachusetts

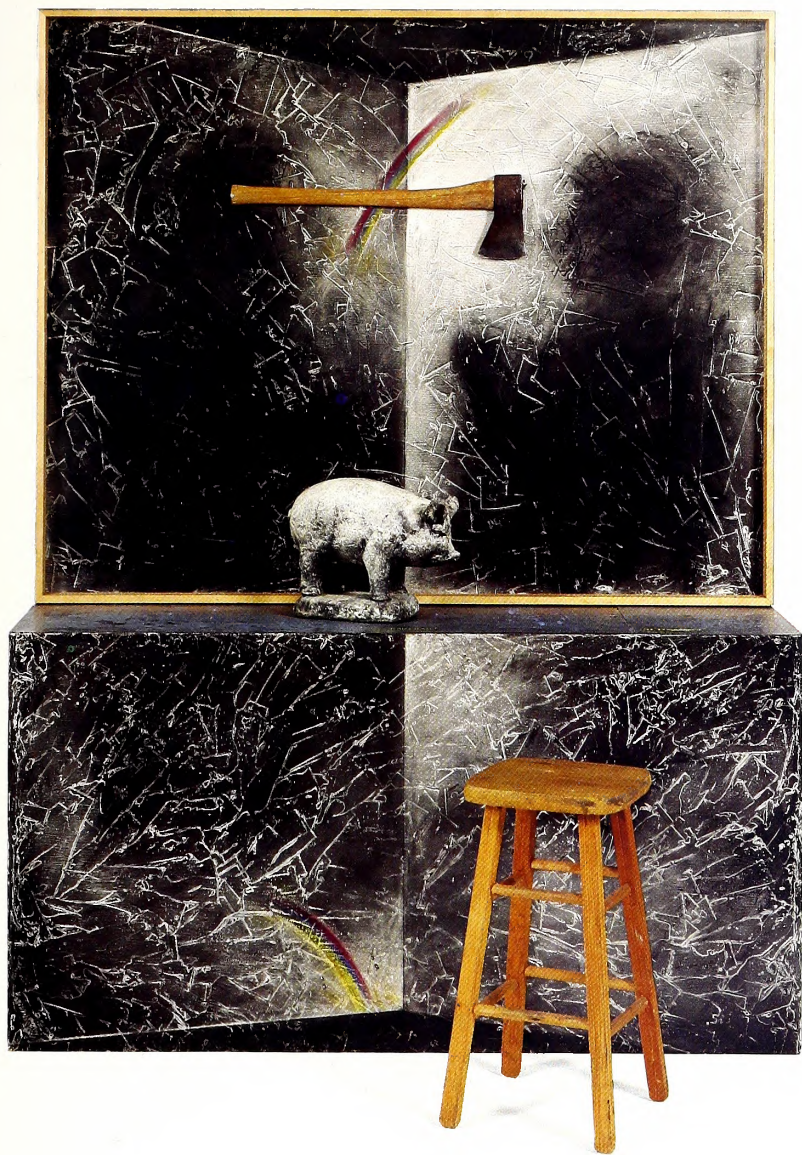


THE FALL OF PODUNKSVILLE, APRIL 30, 1988, 1986

Mixed media on lead

27 x 64 1/4 x 4 1/2 inches

Collection of Alan and Wendy Hart, Topanga, California



COVENANT, 1986

Mixed-media construction

81 x 60 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Courtesy of the artist and Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco, California



GOOD BOY, 1986

Mixed-media construction

81 x 48½ x 55 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas



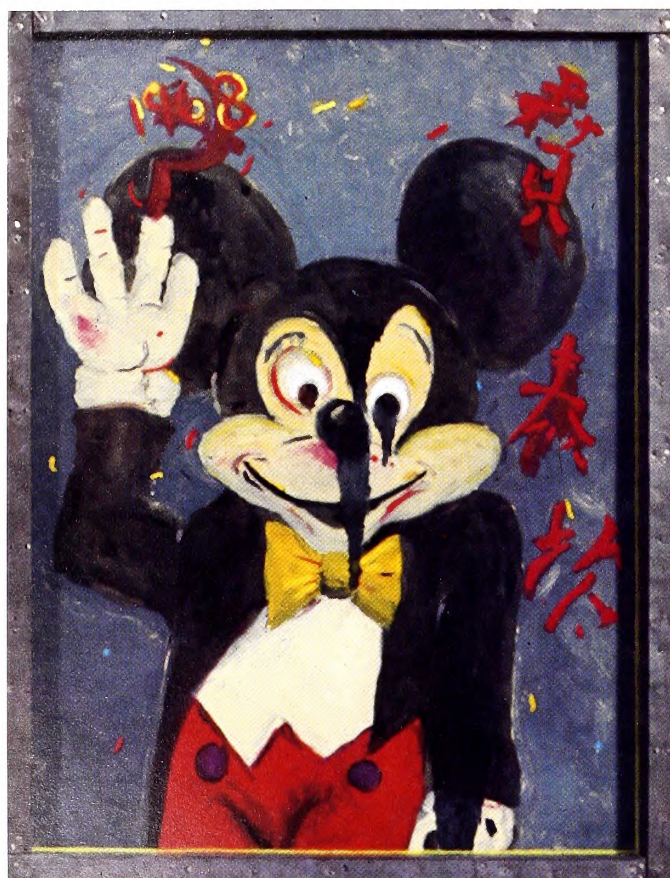
IRON TRIANGLE (for Lee Oxsheer), 1986

Mixed media

48½ x 97½ x 3¼ inches

Collection of The Tyler Museum of Art, Tyler, Texas

Gift of Amy and Vernon Faulconer

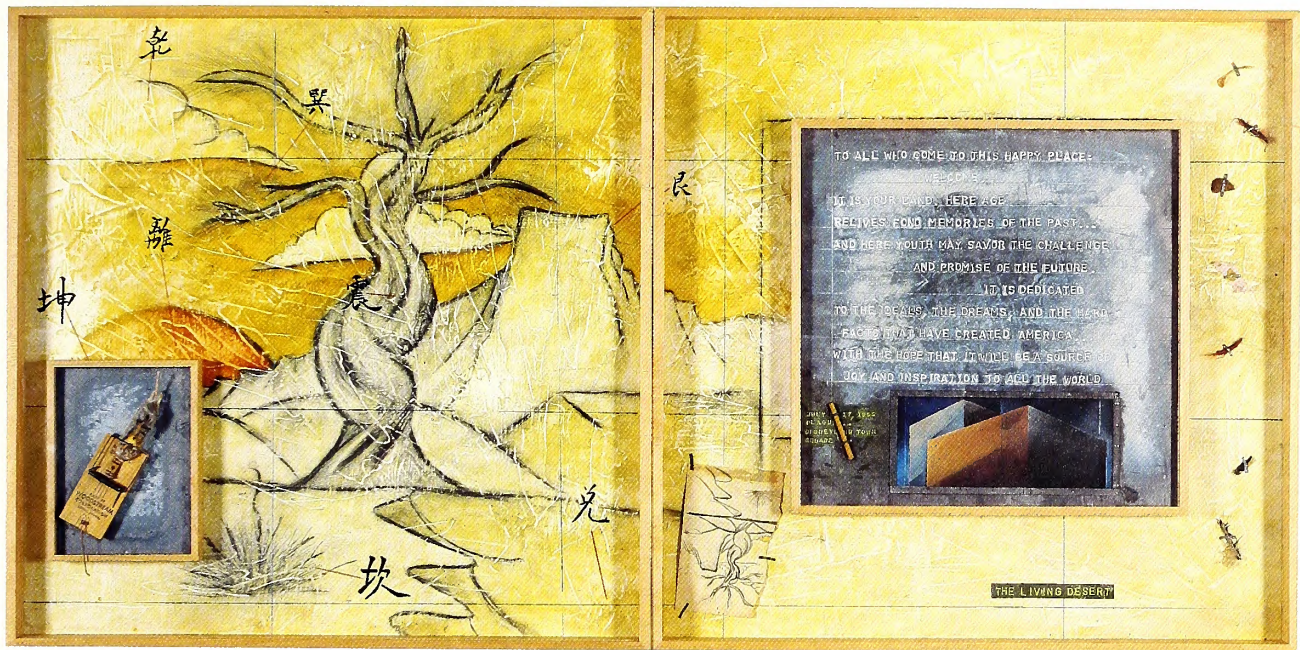


TORSO HELL, 1986

Mixed media

48¼ x 134¼ x 3¼ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Morgan Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri

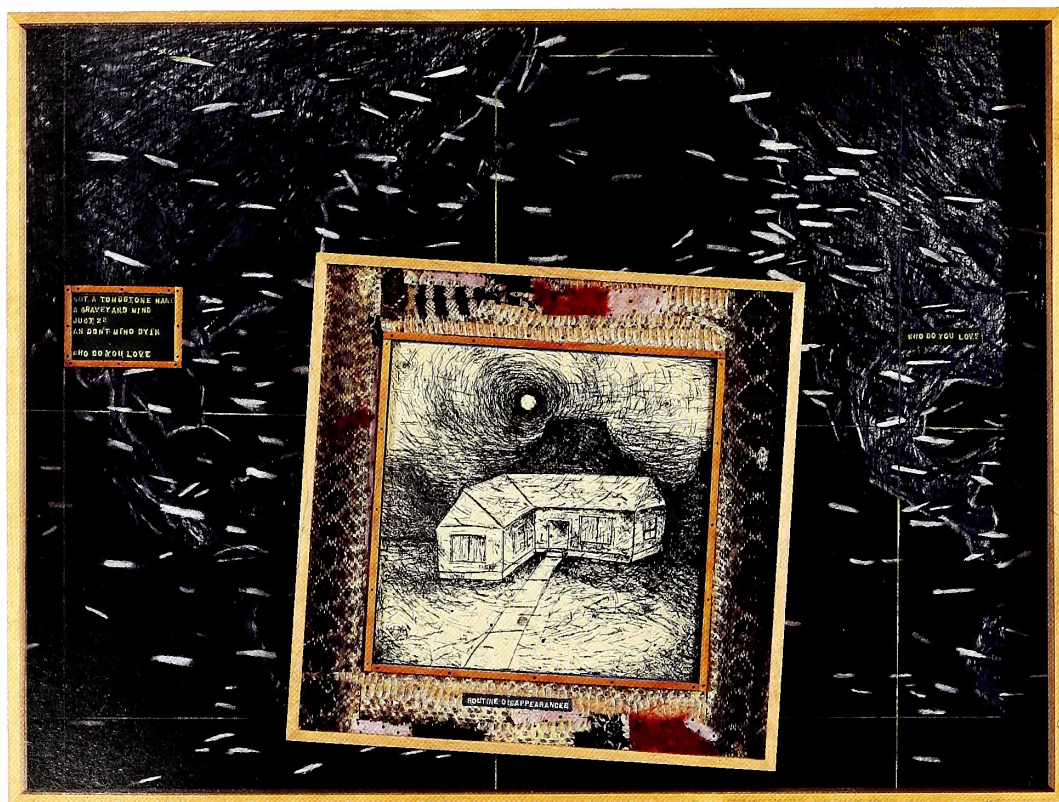


THE LIVING DESERT, 1986

Mixed media

36¼ x 73½ x 3 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Morgan Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri



ROUTINE DISAPPEARANCES, 1986

Mixed media

36 1/4 x 93 3/4 x 3 inches

Collection of The Principal Financial Group, Des Moines, Iowa

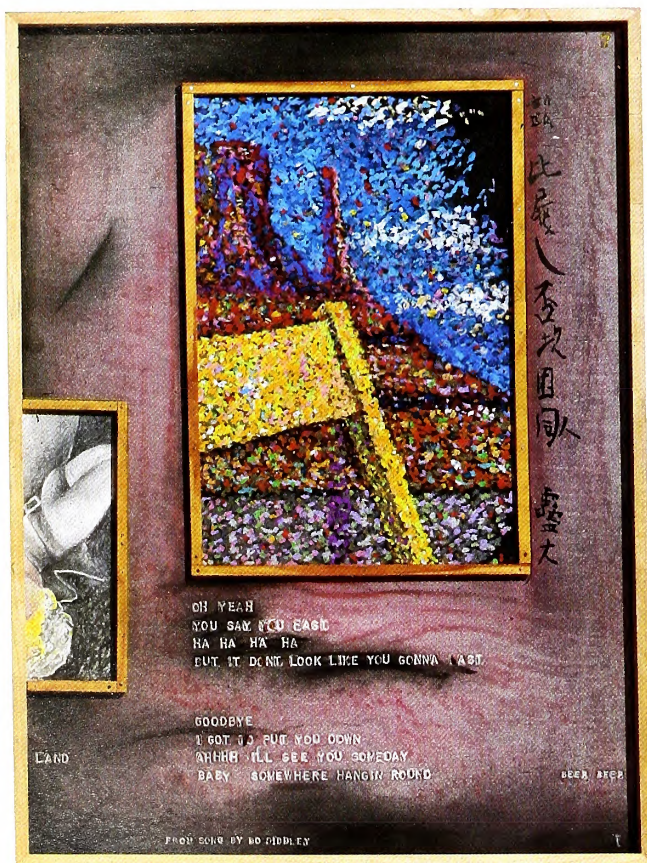


THE BLUE HOLE, 1986

Mixed media

22½ x 30½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Morgan Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri



1957—1961 (decade), 1986

Mixed media

30 x 90 inches

Collection of the Honolulu Advertiser Collection at Persis Corporation, Honolulu, Hawaii



TEACHER'S PET, 1987

Mixed media

54 x 66 x 7 inches

Collection of the Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

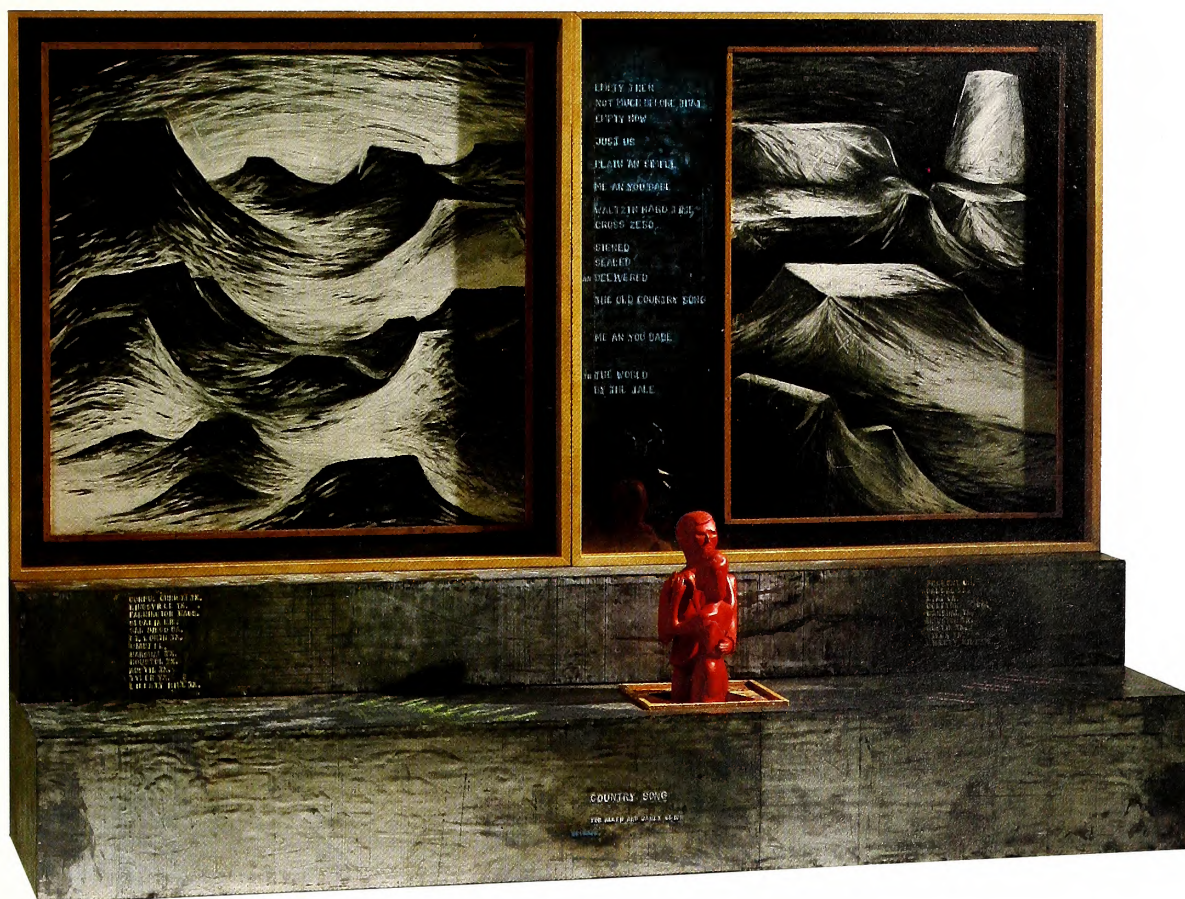


THE CREATURE, 1987

Mixed media

36 1/4 x 69 x 6 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas



COUNTRY SONG, 1987

Mixed-media construction

54 x 74 x 20 inches

Collection of Michael Krichman and Leslie Simon, San Diego, California



STUDY FOR THE FALL OF AMARILLO, 1987

Mixed media

22 x 25 inches

Collection of The Progressive Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

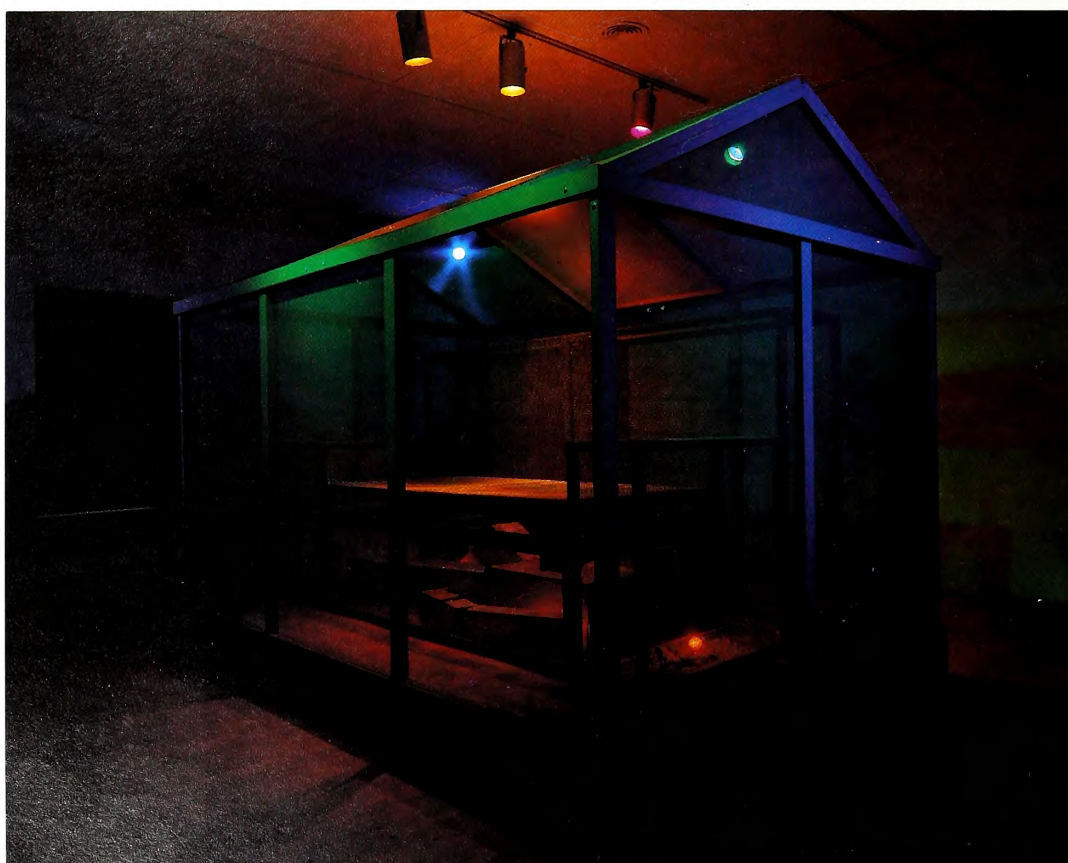


TABLES AND ANGELS, 1987

Mixed-media installation with sound

84 x 120 x 300 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery, New York, New York

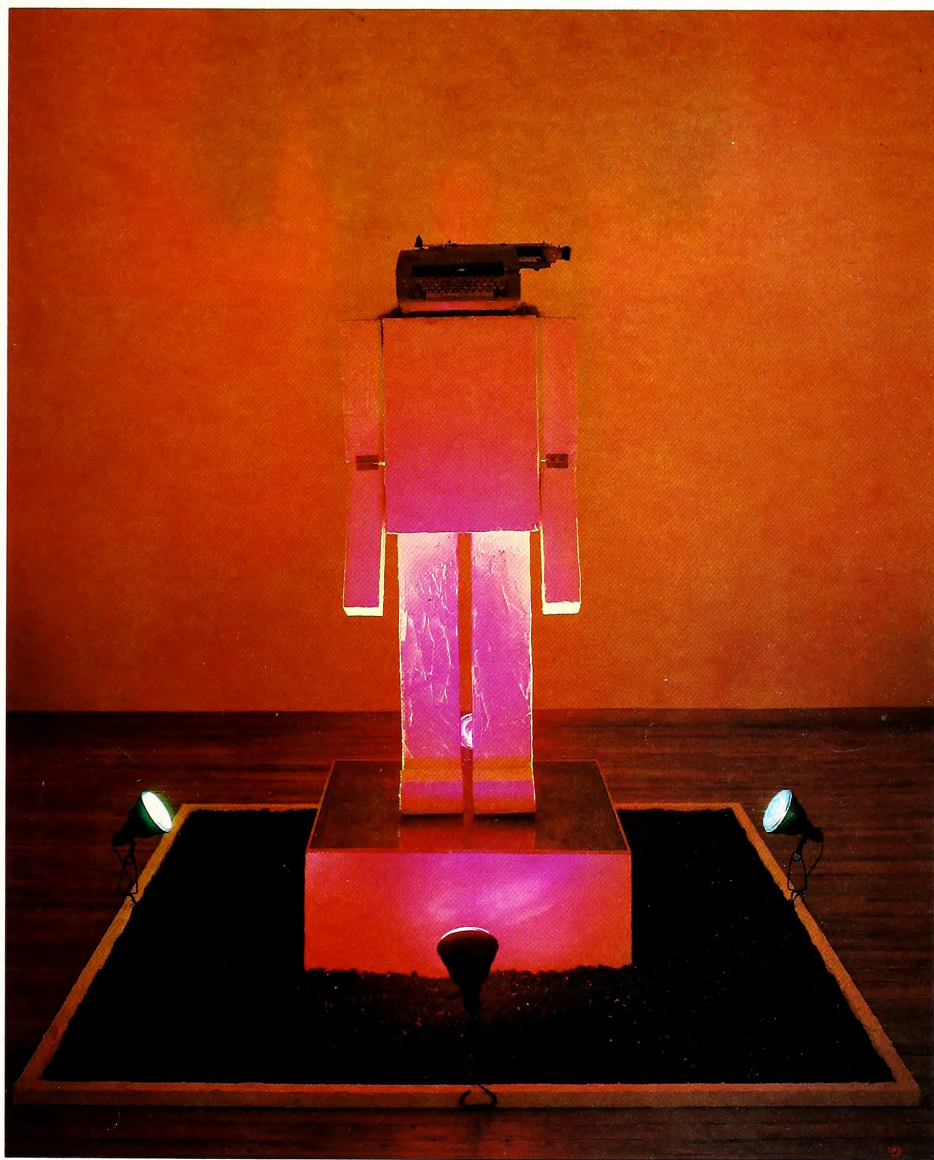


BIG WITNESS (living in wishes), 1988

Mixed-media installation with sound

108½ x 97¼ x 146 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery, New York, New York

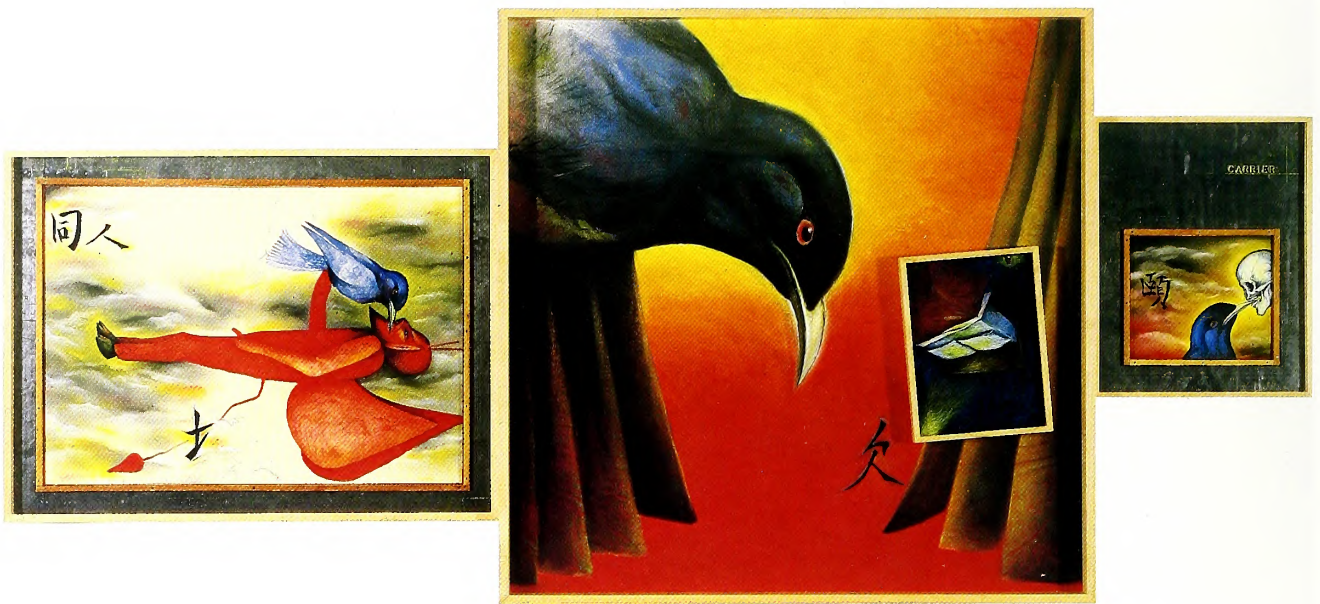


TREATMENT (angel leaving dirty tracks), 1988

Mixed-media installation with sound

81 x 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery, New York, New York

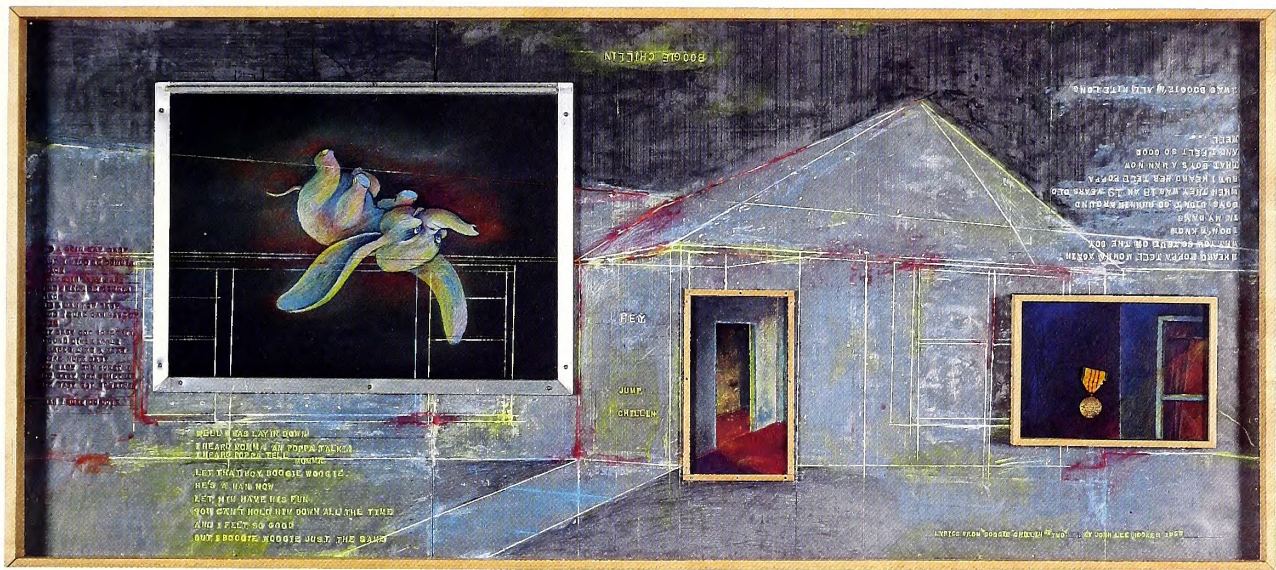


CARRIER, 1988

Mixed media

36 1/4 x 81 x 3 inches

Collection of Vernon and Amy Faulconer, Tyler, Texas

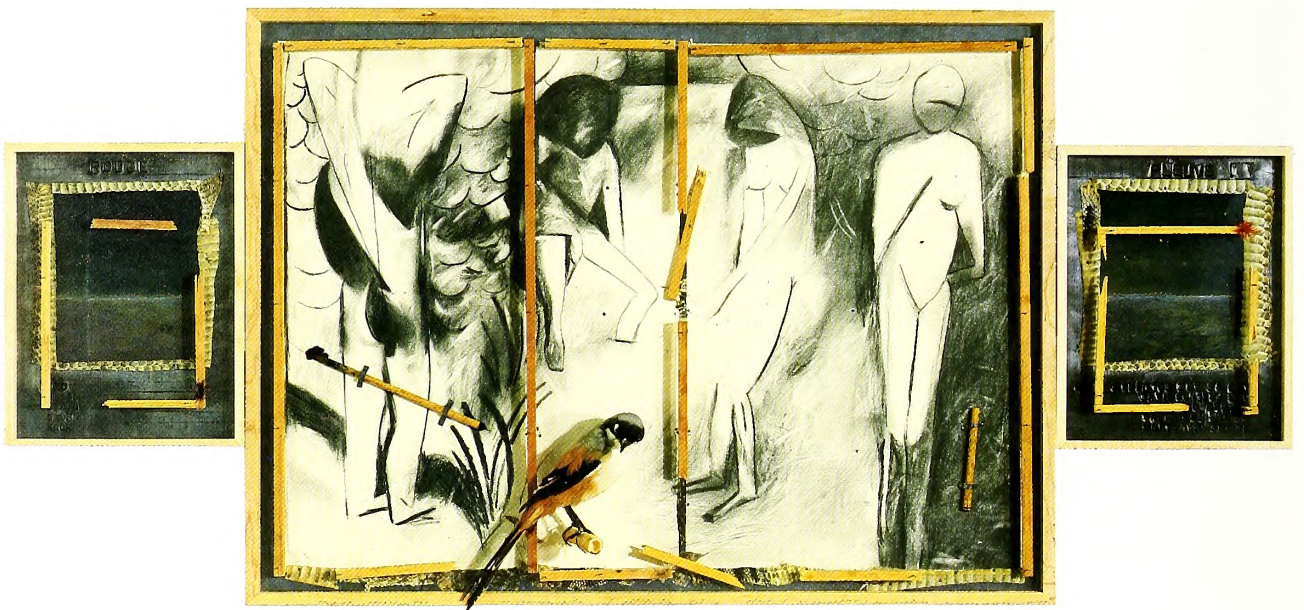


BOOGIE CHILLEN, 1988

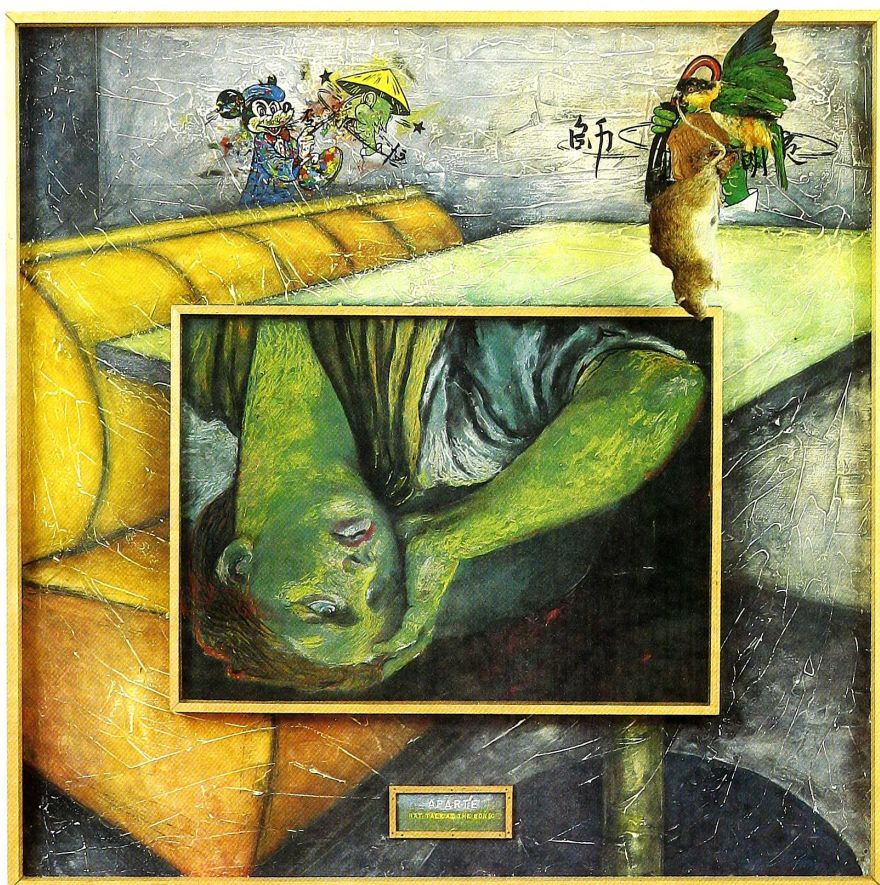
Mixed media on lead

32 x 72 x 3/4 inches

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Ashe, Sausalito, California



RED RIVER, 1988
Mixed media
22½ x 48½ x 5 inches
Collection of Carla M. Kirkeby, Los Angeles, California



APARTÉ (rat talk at the Sonic), 1988

Mixed media

48 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 48 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 9 inches

Collection of Clyde and Karen Beswick, Los Angeles, California



RED MESA, 1988

Mixed media

30 1/2 x 23 x 3 inches

Collection of Dr. and Mrs. John K. Nylund, Hermosa Beach, California

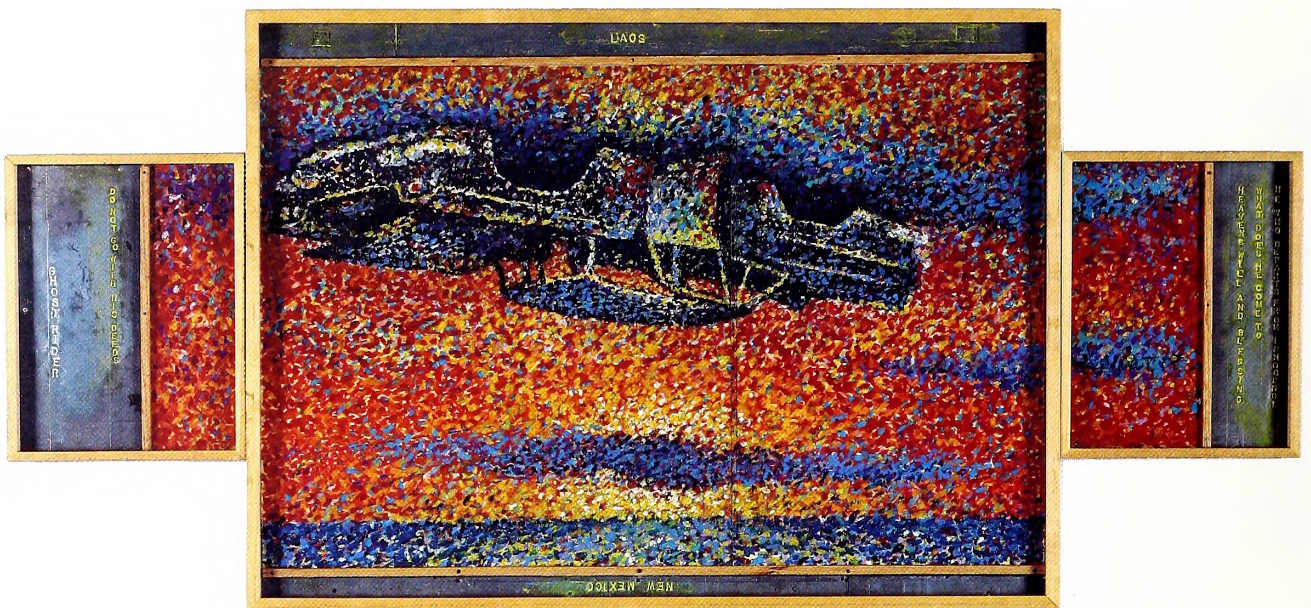


FALL OF AMARILLO, 1988

Mixed media

48 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 78 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 3 inches

Collection of Michael and Royle Freund, Santa Monica, California



GHOST RIDER, 1988

Mixed media

22½ x 48¾ inches

Collection of The Capital Group, Inc., Los Angeles, California



MISSING FOOTSTEPS, 1988

Mixed media

22½ x 23½ x 5½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and L.A. Louver, Inc., Venice, California



PRAYER WHEEL (anillo de compromiso), 1988

Mixed media

94 x 94 x 7 inches

Courtesy of the artist and L.A. Louver, Inc., Venice, California

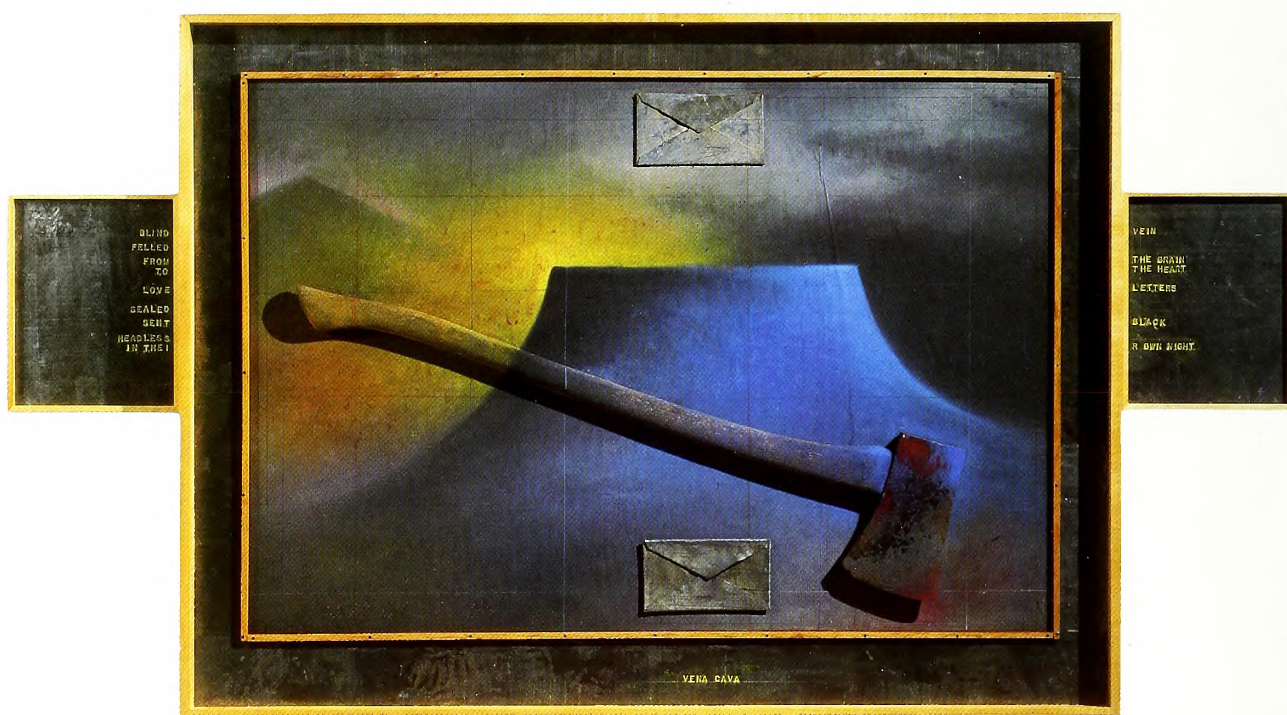


MÉNAGE À, 1988

Mixed media

30½ x 29 x 6 inches

Private collection, courtesy of Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco, California



VENA CAVA, 1988

Mixed media

36 x 67 x 3 1/2 inches

Collection of Valerie K. Maslak, Palo Alto, California



FOLIE À DEUX (madness in two), 1988

Mixed media

28 ¾ x 61 ½ x 6 inches

Collection of Patrick K. Bush, Galveston, Texas



ASIA MINOR, 1988

Mixed media

28 1/4 x 48 1/4 x 6 1/4 inches

Collection of The Rene and Veronica di Rosa Foundation, Napa, California



TRUTH ARE CONSEQUENCES, 1988

Mixed media

36 1/4 x 40 x 6 1/4 inches

Collection of the The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas

Gift of William J. Hill, in honor of Peter C. Marzio, Director

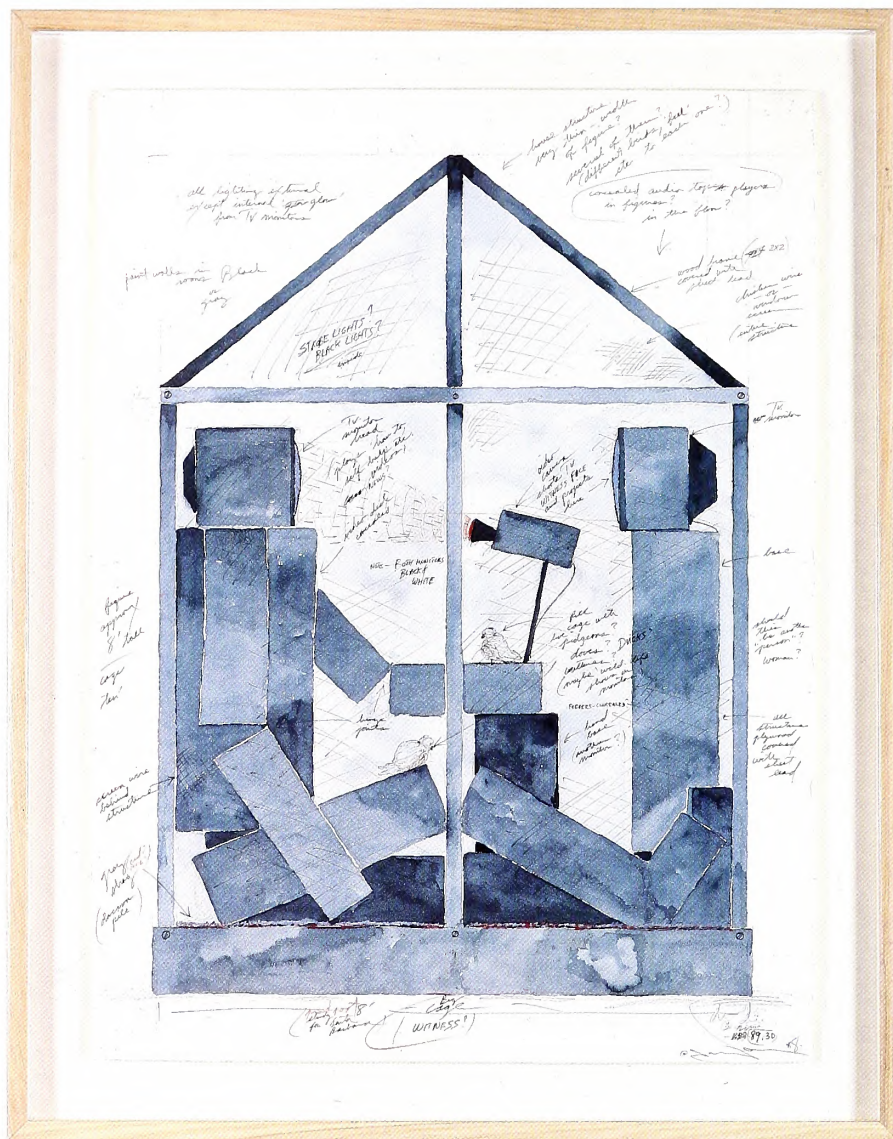


STUDY FOR BIG WITNESS, 1988

Watercolor, pencil, and ink on paper

30 1/2 x 22 1/2 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery, New York, New York



STUDY DRAWING #2, 1989

Pencil, colored pen, and watercolor on paper

35 x 27 1/2 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas



STUDY DRAWING #3, 1989

Pencil, colored pen, and watercolor on paper

35 x 27 1/2 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery, New York, New York



MASCARADAS EN BUSCA DE GRACIA, 1989

Mixed media

55½ x 110 x 5¼ inches

Collection of the Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas

Museum League Purchase Fund



SNEAKER, 1991

Mixed media

61½ x 37 x 7½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and L A Louver, Inc., Venice, California

Insight, vision. What you remember is determined by what you see, and what you see depends on what you remember.

A cycle . . . a cycle that has to be broken. And this requires a fierce concentration on the process itself: Focus on the order of things, sort out the flow of events so as to understand how one thing led to another, search for that point at which what happened had been extended into a vision of what might have happened. Where was the fulcrum? Where did it tilt from fact to imagination? . . . events did not flow. The facts were separate and haphazard and random, even as they happened, episodic, broken, no smooth transitions, no sense of events unfolding from prior events.

. . . one by one like sheep in a dream.

Tim O'Brien

Checklist

1. *WAR STORY*, 1982
Mixed media on paper
30½ x 40½ inches
Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush,
Boston, Massachusetts
2. *THE FIRST DAY (back in the world)*, 1983
Mixed-media construction
62 x 96 x 9 inches
Collection of the San Diego Museum of
Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California
3. *THE BOX*, 1983
Mixed media
18½ x 90½ inches
Collection of the Atlantic Richfield Company (ARCO)
Corporate Art Collection, Los Angeles, California
4. *THE END OF THE WORLD . . . JUST PRIOR TO THE BATTLE OF
SANTA ROSA*, 1984
Mixed media
23½ x 64 inches
Collection of Kathleen and Gerald Peters,
Santa Fe, New Mexico
5. *THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA*, 1984
Mixed-media construction
46 x 168 x 36 inches
Collection of The Contemporary Museum,
Honolulu, Hawaii
6. *THE PRISONER SONG*, 1984
Mixed media on lead
46½ x 46½ inches
Collection of The Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York, New York;
Purchase, Clarence Y. Palitz, Jr. Gift and various donors,
1987
7. *BUDDHA OF LAS CRUCES*, 1984
Mixed media on lead
46¾ x 46¾ x 3 inches
Collection of Robert Lehrman, Washington, D.C.
8. *BEARING STRAIGHT AT THE CLUB CAFÉ (the Mexican
shepard boy)*, 1984
Mixed media on lead and paper
46¾ x 58¾ x 3 inches
Courtesy of the Moody Gallery,
Houston, Texas
9. *CURTAINS . . . ON THE CORNER OF ECHO AND NORMAL*,
1984
Mixed media on lead
46¾ x 46¾ x 3 inches
Collection of the Honolulu Advertiser Collection at
Persis Corporation, Honolulu, Hawaii
10. *STORM ON THE GHOST TRAIN . . . LAOS, NEW MEXICO*,
1984
Mixed media on lead
22½ x 47¾ x 3 inches
Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush,
Boston, Massachusetts
11. *NIGHT DROP*, 1984
Mixed media
22½ x 29½ inches
Collection of The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.,
New York, New York
12. *KACHINA FIELDS*, 1984
Mixed media
22 x 48½ inches
Collection of Frito-Lay, Inc., Dallas, Texas

13. *THE RAPTURE OF CAPTAIN BLOOD*, 1985

Mixed media

31½ x 47½ inches

Collection of The Rene and Veronica di Rosa Foundation,
Napa, California

14. *TOKAY ROSE*, 1985

Mixed media

36¾ x 122¼ inches

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Ashe,
Sausalito, California

15. *HOPE*, 1985

Mixed media on lead and paper

36¾ x 85½ inches

Collection of Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds,
Andover, Massachusetts

16. *GRACE*, 1985

Mixed-media construction

48¾ x 42 x 39 inches

Collection of Sheila and Wally Weisman,
Beverly Hills, California

17. *PASTORAL*, 1985

Mixed media on lead

22½ x 47½ inches

Collection of Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds,
Andover, Massachusetts

18. *POEM*, 1985

Mixed media

36¾ x 48¾ x 3 inches

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Ashe,
Sausalito, California

19. *CHINA NIGHT*, 1985

Mixed-media installation with sound

96 x 270 x 164 inches

Collection of The Museum of Contemporary Art,
Los Angeles, California
The El Paso Natural Gas Fund for California Art

20. *STUDY DRAWING FOR CHINA NIGHT NEW MEXICO*

LUBBOCK, 1985

Pastel and graphite on paper

22¾ x 30¾ inches

Collection of the Southwestern Bell Corporation
Collection, St. Louis, Missouri

21. *INDOCHINE*, 1986

Mixed media on lead

32 x 48¾ inches

Collection of Sarah Hoe Sterling, New York, New York

22. *GHOST WHEEL 1968*, 1986

Mixed media on lead

22½ x 48 x 5 inches

Collection of Jo Harvey Allen, Santa Fe, New Mexico

23. *FANTASIA*, 1986

Mixed-media construction

41½ x 42 x 30¾

Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush,
Boston, Massachusetts

24. *STATION BREAK*, 1986

Mixed media on lead

30¾ x 23 inches

Collection of Rene di Rosa, Napa, California

25. *THE MAGIC KINGDOM*, 1986

Mixed media

46½ x 92½ inches

Collection of Gerald and Jean Bush,
Boston, Massachusetts

26. *THE FALL OF PODUNKSVILLE, APRIL 30, 1988*, 1986

Mixed media on lead

27 x 64¾ x 4½ inches

Collection of Alan and Wendy Hart, Topanga, California

27. *COVENANT*, 1986

Mixed-media construction

81 x 60¾ x 35½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and Gallery Paule Anglim,
San Francisco, California

28. *GOOD BOY*, 1986

Mixed-media construction

81 x 48½ x 55 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Moody Gallery,
Houston, Texas

29. *IRON TRIANGLE (for Lee Oxsheer)*, 1986

Mixed media

48¾ x 97½ x 3¼ inches

Collection of The Tyler Museum of Art, Tyler, Texas
Gift of Amy and Vernon Faulconer

30. *TORSO HELL*, 1986

Mixed media

48¾ x 134¼ x 3¼ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Morgan Gallery,
Kansas City, Missouri

31. *THE LIVING DESERT*, 1986

Mixed media

36¾ x 73½ x 3 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Morgan Gallery,
Kansas City, Missouri

32. *ROUTINE DISAPPEARANCES*, 1986

Mixed media

36¾ x 93¾ x 3 inches

Collection of The Principal Financial Group,
Des Moines, Iowa

33. *THE BLUE HOLE*, 1986

Mixed media

22½ x 30½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Morgan Gallery,
Kansas City, Missouri

34. *1957—1961 (decade)*, 1986

Mixed media

30 x 90 inches

Collection of the Honolulu Advertiser Collection at Persis
Corporation, Honolulu, Hawaii

35. *TEACHER'S PET*, 1987

Mixed media

54 x 66 x 7 inches

Collection of the Addison Gallery of American Art,
Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

36. *THE CREATURE*, 1987

Mixed media

36¾ x 69 x 6 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Moody Gallery,
Houston, Texas

37. *COUNTRY SONG*, 1987

Mixed-media construction

54 x 74 x 20 inches

Collection of Michael Krichman and Leslie Simon,
San Diego, California

38. *STUDY FOR THE FALL OF AMARILLO*, 1987

Mixed media

22 x 25 inches

Collection of The Progressive Corporation,
Cleveland, Ohio

39. *TABLES AND ANGELS*, 1987

Mixed-media installation with sound

84 x 120 x 300 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery,
New York, New York

40. *BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)*, 1988

Mixed-media installation with sound

108½ x 97¾ x 146 inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery,
New York, New York

41. *TREATMENT (angel leaving dirty tracks)*, 1988

Mixed-media installation with sound

81 x 32½ x 32½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery,
New York, New York

42. *CARRIER*, 1988
Mixed media
36% x 81 x 3 inches
Collection of Vernon and Amy Faulconer, Tyler, Texas
43. *BOOGIE CHILLEN*, 1988
Mixed media on lead
32 x 72 x 3% inches
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew D. Ashe,
Sausalito, California
44. *RED RIVER*, 1988
Mixed media
22% x 48% x 5 inches
Collection of Carla M. Kirkeby, Los Angeles, California
45. *APARTÉ (rat talk at the Sonic)*, 1988
Mixed media
48% x 48% x 9 inches
Collection of Clyde and Karen Beswick,
Los Angeles, California
46. *RED MESA*, 1988
Mixed media
30% x 23 x 3 inches
Collection of Dr. and Mrs. John K. Nyland,
Hermosa Beach, California
47. *FALL OF AMARILLO*, 1988
Mixed media
48% x 78% x 3 inches
Collection of Michael and Royle Freund,
Santa Monica, California
48. *GHOST RIDER*, 1988
Mixed media
22% x 48% inches
Collection of The Capital Group, Inc.,
Los Angeles, California
49. *MISSING FOOTSTEPS*, 1988
Mixed media
22% x 23% x 5% inches
Courtesy of the artist and L.A. Louver, Inc.,
Venice, California
50. *PRAYER WHEEL (anillo de compromiso)*, 1988
Mixed media
94 x 94 x 7 inches
Courtesy of the artist and L.A. Louver, Inc.,
Venice, California
51. *MENAGE À*, 1988
Mixed media
30% x 29 x 6 inches
Private collection, courtesy of Gallery Paule Anglim,
San Francisco, California
52. *VENA CAVA*, 1988
Mixed media
36 x 67 x 3% inches
Collection of Valerie K. Maslak, Palo Alto, California
53. *FOLIE À DEUX (madness in two)*, 1988
Mixed media
28% x 61% x 6 inches
Collection of Patrick K. Bush, Galveston, Texas
54. *ASIA MINOR*, 1988
Mixed media
28% x 48% x 6% inches
Collection of The Rene and Veronica di Rosa Foundation,
Napa, California
55. *TRUTH ARE CONSEQUENCES*, 1988
Mixed media
36% x 40 x 6% inches
Collection of The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas
Gift of William J. Hill, in honor of Peter Marzio, Director
56. *STUDY FOR BIG WITNESS*, 1988
Watercolor, pencil, and ink on paper
30% x 22% inches
Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery,
New York, New York

57. *STUDY DRAWING #1*, 1989

Pencil, colored pen, and watercolor on paper
35 x 27½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and Gallery Paule Anglim,
San Francisco, California

58. *STUDY DRAWING #2*, 1989

Pencil, colored pen, and watercolor on paper
35 x 27½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the Moody Gallery,
Houston, Texas

59. *STUDY DRAWING #3*, 1989

Pencil, colored pen, and watercolor on paper
35 x 27½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and the John Weber Gallery,
New York, New York

60. *MASCARADAS EN BUSCA DE GRACIA*, 1989

Mixed media

55½ x 110 x 5½ inches

Collection of the Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas
Museum League Purchase Fund

61. *SNEAKER*, 1991

Mixed media

61½ x 37 x 7½ inches

Courtesy of the artist and L.A. Louver, Inc.,
Venice, California

Terry Allen

Born 1943, Wichita, Kansas
Resides in Santa Fe, New Mexico

Education

Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, California,
B.F.A., 1966

Awards/Grants/Fellowships

1989 National Endowment for the Arts
Adaline Kent Award, San Francisco
1986 John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation
Bessie Award, New York
National Endowment for the Arts
1981 Awards in the Visual Arts
1979 National Endowment for the Arts
1972 National Endowment for the Arts

Select Solo Exhibitions

1992 *Installation (Juarez)*, Wexner Center for the Visual
Arts, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio
Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas
Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco, California

1991 *Terry Allen: New Work*, L.A. Louver, Inc., Venice,
California
The Artist's Eye: Terry Allen, Kimbell Art Museum, Fort
Worth, Texas

1989 *Terry Allen: BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)*,
Walter/McBean Gallery, San Francisco Art Institute, San
Francisco, California
Them Ol' Love Songs, Cranbrook Academy of Art
Museum, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas
John Weber Gallery, New York, New York
Installation and Concert, Laumeier Sculpture Park and
Museum, St. Louis, Missouri

1988 *BIG WITNESS (living in wishes)*, organized by the Santa
Barbara Contemporary Arts Forum, Santa Barbara,
California and traveled to Goldie Paley Gallery, Moore
College of Art and Design, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania;
Madison Art Center, Madison, Wisconsin; and the
University of Arizona Museum of Art, Tucson, Arizona
Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco, California
TREATMENT (angel leaving dirty tracks), John Weber Gallery,
New York, New York
Terry Allen: Youth in Asia Series, Pittsburgh Center for
the Arts, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

1987 Washington Project for the Arts, Washington, D.C.

1986 *Revelations*, Southwest Craft Center, San Antonio,
Texas
Ohio, Museum of Contemporary Art, Wright State
University, Dayton, Ohio
John Weber Gallery, New York, New York
Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco, California
CHINA NIGHT, Florida State University Gallery and
Museum, Tallahassee, Florida

1985 Moody Gallery, Houston, Texas
CHINA NIGHT, Fresno Arts Center and Museum, Fresno,
California
Visual and Aural Mythologies, Alberta College of Art
Gallery, Calgary, Alberta, Canada
Blue Dear, Fresno Arts Center and Museum, Fresno,
California

1984 *Sprawl/Prowl/Growl*, Espace Lyonnais d'Art Contemporain (ELAC), Lyon, France
Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York, New York

1983 *Rooms and Stories*, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California
Mandeville Gallery, University of California at San Diego, San Diego, California
Morgan Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri
Youth in Asia, organized by the Center for Contemporary Art, Seattle, Washington, and traveled to Espace Lyonnais d'Art Contemporain (ELAC), Lyon, France
Anterabbit/Bleeder, organized by the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California, and traveled to the Alexandria Museum of Art, Alexandria, Louisiana

1982 *Billingsgate (A Motel)*, organized by the Yellowstone Art Center, Billings, Montana, and traveled to the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California

1981 Portland Center for the Visual Arts, Portland, Oregon
Ring, Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, Missouri
Ornithopera (The Devil's Condo), organized by the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas, and traveled to the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California, and Espace Lyonnais d'Art Contemporain (ELAC), Lyon, France

1980 Baxter Art Gallery, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, California

1979 Lubbock Lights Gallery, Lubbock, Texas
Morgan Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri
Miami-Dade Community College, Miami, Florida

1978 Hansen Fuller Gallery, San Francisco, California
Nancy Lurie Gallery, Chicago, Illinois
Landfall Press, Chicago, Illinois

1976 Claire S. Copley Gallery, Los Angeles, California
Morgan Gallery, Kansas City, Missouri
The Paradise, Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas

1975 *Juarez Series*, Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, Texas

1974 Michael Walls Gallery, New York, New York

1973 Michael Walls Gallery, New York, New York

1971 Mizuno Gallery, Los Angeles, California
Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, Illinois

1970 Michael Walls Gallery, San Francisco, California

1968 Michael Walls Gallery, San Francisco, California

1966 Gallery 66, Los Angeles, California

Select Group Exhibitions

1992 *Profiles II: On Paper*, Arlington Museum of Art, Arlington, Texas

1991 *Positions in the Desert*, Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco, California

On Paper, organized by the Adair Margo Gallery, El Paso, Texas, and traveled to Weber State University, Ogden, Utah

The Political Arm, organized by John Weber Gallery, New York, New York, and traveled to Washington University Gallery of Art, St. Louis, Missouri

Text Context, San Jose Institute of Contemporary Art, San Jose, California

Critical Reactions, Rena Bransten Gallery, San Francisco, California

Poets' Walk, Citicorp Plaza, Los Angeles, California

Drawings by Sculptors, Sena Galleries, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Singular Visions, Museum of Fine Arts, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Responsive Witness, Palo Alto Cultural Center, Palo Alto, California

Drawings: An Exhibition of Artists of the John Weber Gallery, John Weber Gallery, New York, New York

Selections from the Permanent Collection: 1975–1991, The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, California

1990 *CCA12: Second Annual Invitational*, The Center for Contemporary Arts of Santa Fe, Santa Fe, New Mexico
Contemporary Assemblage: Dada and the Surrealist Legacy, L.A. Louver, Inc., Venice, California
Politics in Print, Landfall Press, Chicago, Illinois, and New York, New York

Northwest x Southwest—Painted Fiction, organized by the Palm Springs Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California, and traveled to Yellowstone Art Center, Billings, Montana; Western Gallery, Western Washington University, Bellingham, Washington; and Sarah Campbell Blaffer Gallery, University of Houston, Houston, Texas

1989 *Heroics Recast*, Barbara and Steven Grossman Gallery Complex, School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts

Forty Years of California Assemblage, organized by Wight Art Gallery Complex, University of California at Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California, and traveled to the Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska

10 + 5 from California, Thomas Center for the Arts, Florida Department of Cultural and Nature Operations, Gainesville, Florida

A Different War, organized by the Whatcom Museum of History and Art, Bellingham, Washington, and traveled to DeCordova Museum and Sculpture Park, Lincoln, Massachusetts; Mary and Leigh Block Gallery, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois; Akron Art Museum, Akron, Ohio; Madison Art Center, Madison, Wisconsin; Wight Art Gallery Complex, University of California at Los Angeles, Los Angeles, California; C.U. Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado; and Washington State University Museum of Art, Pullman, Washington

1988 *Lost and Found in California: Four Decades of Assemblage Art*, organized by the James Corcoran Gallery, Santa Monica, California, and exhibited at Pence Gallery, Santa Monica, California; Shoshana Wayne Gallery, Santa Monica, California; and the G. Ray Hawkins Gallery, Santa Monica, California
Out of Time, Cuesta College Art Gallery, San Luis Obispo, California

1987 *Documenta 8*, Kassel, West Germany
Avante Garde in the Eighties, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, California
War and Memory, Washington Project for the Arts, Washington, D.C.

1986 *The Allen/Ely Project*, Southwest Craft Center, San Antonio, Texas
Lead, Hirschl and Adler Modern, New York, New York
The Texas Landscape, 1900–1986, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas
Honky Tonk Visions (On West Texas Music: 1936–1986), The Museum, Texas Tech University, Lubbock, Texas (traveled)

Text and Image, Holly Solomon Gallery, New York, New York

Boston Collects: Contemporary Painting and Sculpture, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts
Sculptors' Drawings, organized by the University Art Gallery, Sonoma State University, Rohnert Park, California, and traveled to Prichard Art Gallery, Moscow, Idaho

1985 *Sao Paulo Biennial*, Sao Paulo, Brazil

1984 *Content, A Contemporary Focus 1974–84*, Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.
American and European, L.A. Louver, Inc., Venice, California
Return of the Narrative, Palm Springs Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California
Face to Face/Back to Back, Art Gallery, California State University, Fullerton, California
Strike Restrike: The Revitalized Print, Western Michigan University Art Department, Kalamazoo, Michigan
Contemporary Works on Paper, University Art Museum, University of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette, Louisiana

1983 *Site Strategies*, Oakland Museum, Oakland, California

Language, Drama, Source and Vision, The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, New York
Perspectives of Landscape, Fuller Goldeen Gallery, San Francisco, California
Jim Morgan Memorial Exhibition, Charlotte Crosby

Kemper Gallery, Kansas City Art Institute, Kansas City, Missouri

1982 *Sydney Biennale*, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia

Awards in the Visual Arts 1, organized by the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and traveled to the National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.; Des Moines Art Center, Des Moines, Iowa; and The Denver Art Museum, Denver, Colorado
Exchange between Artists, 1931–82, Poland–USA, Museum of Modern Art, Paris, France
New American Graphics 2, organized by the Madison Art Center, Madison, Wisconsin (traveled)

1981 *The Southern Voice: Terry Allen, Vernon Fisher, Ed McGowin*, Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas

Not Just for Laughs, The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, New York

1979 *Image and Object in Contemporary Sculpture*, organized by the Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan, and traveled to P.S.1 Museum, Institute for Contemporary Art, Long Island City, New York

1977 *Whitney Biennial*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, New York

10th Biennale de Paris, Paris, France

New Acquisitions Exhibition (Prints), Museum of Modern Art, New York, New York

American Narrative: Story of Art 1976–77, organized by the Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, Texas, and traveled to University Art Museum, University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley, California; and the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, Santa Barbara, California
The Record as Artwork, Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas (traveled)

1976 *The Great American Rodeo Show*, Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas (traveled in conjunction with rodeos)

Painting and Sculpture in California: The Modern Era, organized by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, California, and traveled to the National

Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution; Washington, D.C.

1973 *Extraordinary Realities*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, New York

Select Plays/Performances/Collaborations

1991 *The Pioneer* (collaboration with the Paul Dresher Company), UCLA Center for the Performing Arts, Los Angeles, California; Zellerbach Hall, University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley California; Theater Artaud, San Francisco, California; and Wexner Center for the Arts, Ohio, State University, Columbus, Ohio
In Performance: Jo Harvey Allen and Terry Allen, Museum of Santa Fe, Santa Fe, New Mexico

1990 *The Pioneer* (collaboration with the Paul Dresher Company), Spoleto Festival USA, Charleston, South Carolina

Juarez: A Work in Progress, Brattle Theatre, Institute of Contemporary Art, Cambridge, Massachusetts

1988 *Rollback* (collaboration with the Margaret Jenkins Dance Company and Bruce Nauman), Kimo Theater, Albuquerque, New Mexico

1987 *Do You Know What Your Children Are Tonight?* (with Bukka, Bale, and Jo Harvey Allen), Theater Artaud, San Francisco, California

Leon and Lena (and Lenz) (directed by Joanne Akalaitis), Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis, Minnesota

War and Memory (concert and music panel discussion), Washington Project for the Arts, Washington, D.C.

1986 *Pedal Steal* (collaboration with the Margaret Jenkins Dance Company), Theater Artaud, San Francisco, California

1985 *Do You Know What Your Children Are Tonight?* (with Bukka, Bale, and Jo Harvey Allen), Washington Project for the Arts, Washington, D.C.

Pedal Steal (collaboration with the Margaret Jenkins Dance Company), Brooklyn Academy of Music, New York, New York

1984 *Face to Face/Back to Back* (with Jo Harvey Allen), California State University, Fullerton, California

1983 *Anterabbit/Bleeder (A Biography)*, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California

1978 *The Embrace Advanced to Fury*, Spinoza Arena/Theater, Houston, Texas; University Art Museum, University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley, California; Detroit Museum of Arts, Detroit, Michigan; Hansen Fuller Gallery, San Francisco, California

1970 *The Levels* (performance for Robert Irwin), University of California at Berkeley, Berkeley, California

1968 *The 20th Century Pronto, Arrived*, Lucille Street Theater, Los Angeles, California

Select Bibliography

1991 Brooks, Rosetta. "Violence and the Sacred." *Artforum*, January.

Hickey, Dave. "Terry Allen. 'The Artist's Eye' at the Kimbell Art Museum." *Artspace*, Summer.

Rugoff, Ralph. "Droning Heads and Headless Drones: Pathos and Pathology in the (Dis)corporate Sphere." *L.A. Weekly*, February 15–21.

Smith, Joan. "He'll Take It and Make Art." *San Francisco Examiner*, October.

Weissman, Benjamin. "Terry Allen." *Artforum*, November.

Zellen, Jody. "Terry Allen." *Arts Magazine*, October.

1990 Annas, Teresa. "This Native Son of Texas Straddles Two Artistic Worlds." *The Virginia Pilot/The Ledger-Star*, May 6.

Chadwick, Susan. "Art: In with the Old, Out with the New." *The Houston Post*, July 18.

Hickey, Dave. "Terry Allen: A Few People Dead." *Artspace*, March/April.

Jasmusch, Ann. "DMA Acquisitions Tap Texas." *Dallas Times-Herald*, February 6.

McKenna, Kristine. "Mixing Fact, Fiction, and American Love—Terry Allen Delivers a Eulogy for the Dark Side of the Human Soul." *Los Angeles Times/Calendar*, March 11.

1989 Clothier, Peter. "Terry Allen: True Grit." *ARTnews*, January.

Joselit, David. "Lessons in Public Sculpture." *Art in America*, December.

1988 Anderson, Bill. "The Tin Man in the DMZ." *Santa Barbara Independent*, January 21–27.

Brunson, Jamie. "The War Comes Home." *Artweek*, November 19.

Clothier, Peter. "The Next Wave." *ARTnews*, December.

Lummis, Suzanne. "Corporate Head." *Los Angeles Downtown News*, October 22.

Muchnic, Suzanne. "Paying Witness to the Aftermath of Vietnam." *Los Angeles Times*, January 3.

1987 Adcock, Craig. "New Works in Terry Allen's 'Youth in Asia' Series." *Arts Magazine*, December.

Galligan, Gregory. "Terry Allen: The Return of Vietnam." *Arts Magazine*, April.

Thorson, Alice. "Comprehensive Exhibit Shows Many Sides of Vietnam War." *The Washington Times*, September 24.

1986 Adcock, Craig. "Terry Allen's 'Youth in Asia' Series." *Arts Magazine*, April.

Berkson, Bill. "Terry Allen." *Artforum*, June.

Pincus, Robert L. "Three Trees to Speak for Artist." *San Diego Union*, January 3.

1985 McDonald, Robert. "Remembering the Victims." *Artweek*, December 28.

1984 Gleason, Ron. "Youth In Asia." *Arts Magazine*, September.

1983 Crary, Jonathan. "West Texas Dada." *Art in America*, September.

1980 Larson, Kay. "Objecting to Image." *The Village Voice*, January 14.

Tucker, Marcia. "Terry Allen (on Everything)." *Artforum*, October.

1978 McDonald, Robert. "Terry Allen Narratives." *Artweek*, April 22.

Ross, Janice. "Wrestling with Human Relationships." *Artweek*, November 4.

1976 Copley, Claire. "The Art of Terry Allen: A Personal Evaluation." *Los Angeles Journal*, October/November.

1974 Ballatore, Sandy. "The Ironic L.A. Artist." *Artweek*, November 2.

Select Catalogs

1991 *On Paper*. Adair Margo Gallery, El Paso, Texas. Text by Christopher French.

1990 *Northwest x Southwest*. Palm Springs Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California. Text by Katherine Plake Hough et al.

A Different War: Vietnam in Art. Whatcom Museum of History and Art, Bellingham, Washington. Text by Lucy R. Lippard.

Drawings: An Exhibition of Artists of the John Weber Gallery. John Weber Gallery, New York, New York.

1989 *Memory Track*. Banff Center, Walter Phillips Gallery, Banff, Alberta, Canada.

Heroics Recast. School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts.

BIG WITNESS (living in wishes). Walter/McBean Gallery, San Francisco Art Institute, San Francisco, California. Text by Dave Hickey and Terry Allen.

1986 *KACHINA NIGHT*. Fine Arts Gallery, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida. Text by Craig Adcock. *Terry Allen's "Ohio"*. University Art Galleries, Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio. Text by Dave Hickey.

1985 *Terry Allen: Visual and Aural Mythologies*. Alberta College of Art Gallery, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Text by Ron Gleason and Val Greenfield.

CHINA NIGHT. Fresno Arts Center and Museum, Fresno, California, and the Fine Arts Gallery, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida. Text by Terry Allen, Kathryn Funk, Roxy Gordon, and Allys Palladino-Craig.

1984 *Sprawl/Prowl/Growl: A Geographic Survey of Works by Terry Allen*. Ville de Lyon, Saint Pierre Art Contemporain, Lyon, France. Text by Fernand Braudel, Christine Breton, Thierry Raspail, Marcia Tucker, and Patrick Vialle.

1983 *Rooms and Stories by Terry Allen*. La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California. Text by Lynda Forsha, Dave Hickey, and Robert McDonald.

1982 *New American Graphics 2*. Madison Art Center, Madison, Wisconsin.

1981 *The Southern Voice: Terry Allen, Vernon Fisher and Ed McGowin*. Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas. Text by Susan Freudenheim, Marge Goldwater, and Dave Hickey.

Terry Allen (part of some in betweens). Baxter Art Gallery, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena Art Alliance, Pasadena, California. Text by Michael Smith.

Ring: Terry Allen. The Contemporary Arts Society, Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, Missouri. Text by Sherry Cromwell-Lacy and Marcia Tucker.

Not Just for the Laughs: The Art of Subversion. The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, New York. Text by Marcia Tucker.

1979 *Image and Object in Contemporary Sculpture*. Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan. Text by Jay Belloli.

1976 *The Great American Rodeo*. Texas Christian University Press, Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas. Text by Jay Belloli and Richard Koshalek. *American Narrative/Story Art 1976-77*. Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, Texas. Text by Paul Schimmel, Alan Sondheim, and Marcia Tucker.

1975 *Juarez Series: Terry Allen*. Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, Texas. Text by Dave Hickey, Paul Schimmel, and Michael Walls.

Collections

Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy,
Andover, Massachusetts
Atlantic Richfield Company(ARCO) Corporate Art
Collection, Los Angeles, California
AT&T Collection, Chicago, Illinois
Chase Manhattan Bank, New York, New York
The Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio
Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, Texas
Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Michigan
Espace Lyonnais d'Art Contemporain (ELAC), Musée Saint
Pierre, Lyon, France
Frito-Lay, Inc., Dallas, Texas
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles,
California
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, New York
Museum of Art, Stanford University, Palo Alto, California
The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles,
California
Museum of Modern Art, New York, New York
Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, Kansas City, Missouri
Newport Harbor Museum of Art, Newport Beach,
California
Oakland Museum, Oakland, California
San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla,
California
San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco,
California
Seventh Street Plaza Associates, Los Angeles, California
Southwestern Bell Corporation Collection, St. Louis,
Missouri
The Stuart Collection, La Jolla, California
The Tyler Museum of Art, Tyler, Texas
University Art Museum, University of California at
Berkeley, Berkeley, California
Yellowstone Art Center, Billings, Montana

Recordings

1992 *The Silent Majority (Terry Allen's Greatest Missed Hits)*. Fate Records. Album.
Pedal Steal/Rollback (Sound Tracks). Fate Records. Album.
1988 *Torso Hell (Radio Show)*. High Performance. Album.
1987 *Amerasia*. Fate Records. Film sound track album.
1986 *Cocktail Desperado*. Warner Bros. Single co-written with David Byrne from *The Sounds From True Stories* sound track.
1984 *Bloodlines*. Fate Records. Album.
1983 *The Arizona Spiritual*. High Performance. Single.
1980 *Smokin The Dummy*. Fate Records. Album.
1979 *Cajun Roll*. Fate Records. Single.
Whatever Happened to Jesus (and Mabeline)?. Fate Records. Single.
1978 *Lubbock (on Everything)*. Fate Records. Double album.
1975 *Juarez*. Fate Records. Album.
1968 *Gonna California*. Bale Creek Records. Single.
Color Book. Bale Creek Records. Single.

They made a wasteland and called it peace.

Tacitus

Yea as I walk through the valley of death

I shall fear no evil

For the valleys are gone

And only death awaits

And I am the evil

Stan Platke

Interesting situation.

Soldiers in the front, Zombies in the back.

Doc in "Return of the Living Dead"

Craig Adcock is a professor of art history in the Department of Visual Arts and Art History, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana. The author regularly contributes to a variety of arts publications. He has also written two books: *James Turrell: The Art of Light and Space* (1990), and *Marcel Duchamp's Notes from the Large Glass: An N-Dimensional Analysis* (1985).

Roxy Gordon is a writer, poet, and performer. He has written six books, including *Breeds* (1984), and *Unfinished Business* (1985). He has also recorded six albums, the latest entitled *Smaller Circles* (1991). Gordon is a Choctaw Indian, and in the summer of 1991, he was adopted into the Assiniboine tribe.

Dave Hickey is a freelance writer and critic who lives in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Photo credits:

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William Nettles, pp. 76, 78 ;

Rick Gardner, p. 77;

William Nettles/L.A. Louver, Inc., p. 81;

Dallas Museum of Art, p. 92 .

What?

Is that really what I fought for?

*For that bright painting, for those spots, for those reflections,
for that decomposed light?*

God, was I mad?

But it's so ugly, I loathe it!

Émile Zola

*The number of suicides by Vietnam veterans is now double the
number of names on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial wall.*

Where's the memorial to that?

Terry Allen

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